

ANOTHER RECORD. £20,735 ALREADY DIVIDED.

PEARSON'S

£2,000
Free Insurance.

WEEKLY

THREE RECORDS.

BIGGEST INDIVIDUAL PRIZE:—

£255.

BIGGEST WEEK'S TOTAL:—

£3,400.

BIGGEST AGGREGATE:—

£20,735.

No. 897.]

POSTAGE,
ONE PENNY.

REGISTERED FOR
TRANSMISSION TO CANADA.

WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 26, 1907.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS HALL.

[PRICE ONE PENNY]

**Long continued popularity proves
Quality.**

HOLBROOK'S SAUCE

Is still gaining public favour.

DRINK AND ENJOY

LIPTON'S TEA

The Finest the World can Produce.

GOLD MEDAL,
PARIS.

TEA MERCHANTS



GOLD MEDAL,
ST. LOUIS.

BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT.

BUY FROM THE GROWERS. NO MIDDLEMEN'S PROFITS. NO QUALITY EQUAL TO LIPTON'S.

Direct from the Tea Gardens to the Teapot.

Sole Proprietors of many of the most famous Tea, Coffee, and Cocoa Estates in Ceylon, covering thousands of acres.

LIPTON Ltd., Chief Offices: **City Road, London, E.C.**

Branches and Agencies Everywhere.

LIPTON'S TEAS.

The Largest Sale in the World.



JU-VIS

Ju-Vis is an absolutely pure and wholesome article made from Extract of Meat, with valuable vegetable additions.

Simply add boiling water.
Sold in 1 lb., 3 lb., and 10 lb. sizes. A penny Tablet makes a Breakfast Cup of delicious

BEEF TEA

with valuable nutritive vegetable additions.

Also sold in 1/2 pint, 1 pint, 2 pints, 4 pints, 11 lb., 20 lb., 30 lb.



JU-VIS

SOLD EVERYWHERE. 1/2 lb., 3 lb., 10 lb., and 11 lb.

Onbridge's LUNG TONIC, THE WORLD'S OWN

For COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, WHOOPING COUGH, HOARSENESS, &c.

BOON TO MEN.

Neurotic and Physical Weakness—Urinary Troubles, Lack of Vigour, Varicose veins, and other ailments. Send for Treatise with full particulars, including full list of testimonials of cured cases. 20 illustrations. Sent free from J. L. MURRAY, 7 Southampton Row, Holborn, London, W.C.

A BOON TO LADIES

BLANCHARD'S PILLS are especially compounded for ladies, and thousands of grateful letters have been received testifying to their efficacy. Recommended by eminent Physicians, and sold by all Chemists and Stores at 1/11 a box, or post free from Leslie Martyn, Chemist, 24 Dainton Lane, London.

EVERY MAN

Suffering from NEURALGIA and RHEUMATISM, or from any of the following ailments: Headache, Stomach Troubles, Indigestion, Constipation, Nervousness, and other ailments. Send for Treatise with full particulars, including full list of testimonials of cured cases. 20 illustrations. Sent free from J. L. MURRAY, 7 Southampton Row, Holborn, London, W.C.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS

OLD AMERICAN TEETH BOUGHT! Extra reward for good teeth, for order made. — Messrs. Greening, Manufacturing Dentists, 29 Oxford St., Opp. Rathbone Place, London (Established 100 years).

FLAMMABLE FILLS of Ash and Soap, superabsorbent, water-soluble, for use in the manufacture of all kinds of goods. — Messrs. Greening, Manufacturing Dentists, 29 Oxford St., Opp. Rathbone Place, London (Established 100 years).

ROBERT ROBERTS, 111, New Bond St., London, W.1. — Sole Importers of the famous "BEEF TEA" and "JU-VIS" from the Messrs. Greening, Manufacturing Dentists, 29 Oxford St., Opp. Rathbone Place, London (Established 100 years).

ANTHONY, 111, New Bond St., London, W.1. — Sole Importers of the famous "BEEF TEA" and "JU-VIS" from the Messrs. Greening, Manufacturing Dentists, 29 Oxford St., Opp. Rathbone Place, London (Established 100 years).

ANTHONY, 111, New Bond St., London, W.1. — Sole Importers of the famous "BEEF TEA" and "JU-VIS" from the Messrs. Greening, Manufacturing Dentists, 29 Oxford St., Opp. Rathbone Place, London (Established 100 years).

ANTHONY, 111, New Bond St., London, W.1. — Sole Importers of the famous "BEEF TEA" and "JU-VIS" from the Messrs. Greening, Manufacturing Dentists, 29 Oxford St., Opp. Rathbone Place, London (Established 100 years).

ANTHONY, 111, New Bond St., London, W.1. — Sole Importers of the famous "BEEF TEA" and "JU-VIS" from the Messrs. Greening, Manufacturing Dentists, 29 Oxford St., Opp. Rathbone Place, London (Established 100 years).

ANTHONY, 111, New Bond St., London, W.1. — Sole Importers of the famous "BEEF TEA" and "JU-VIS" from the Messrs. Greening, Manufacturing Dentists, 29 Oxford St., Opp. Rathbone Place, London (Established 100 years).

ANTHONY, 111, New Bond St., London, W.1. — Sole Importers of the famous "BEEF TEA" and "JU-VIS" from the Messrs. Greening, Manufacturing Dentists, 29 Oxford St., Opp. Rathbone Place, London (Established 100 years).

ANTHONY, 111, New Bond St., London, W.1. — Sole Importers of the famous "BEEF TEA" and "JU-VIS" from the Messrs. Greening, Manufacturing Dentists, 29 Oxford St., Opp. Rathbone Place, London (Established 100 years).

ANTHONY, 111, New Bond St., London, W.1. — Sole Importers of the famous "BEEF TEA" and "JU-VIS" from the Messrs. Greening, Manufacturing Dentists, 29 Oxford St., Opp. Rathbone Place, London (Established 100 years).

ANTHONY, 111, New Bond St., London, W.1. — Sole Importers of the famous "BEEF TEA" and "JU-VIS" from the Messrs. Greening, Manufacturing Dentists, 29 Oxford St., Opp. Rathbone Place, London (Established 100 years).

ANTHONY, 111, New Bond St., London, W.1. — Sole Importers of the famous "BEEF TEA" and "JU-VIS" from the Messrs. Greening, Manufacturing Dentists, 29 Oxford St., Opp. Rathbone Place, London (Established 100 years).

ANTHONY, 111, New Bond St., London, W.1. — Sole Importers of the famous "BEEF TEA" and "JU-VIS" from the Messrs. Greening, Manufacturing Dentists, 29 Oxford St., Opp. Rathbone Place, London (Established 100 years).

STRENGTHENERS for men and women. — Messrs. Greening, Manufacturing Dentists, 29 Oxford St., Opp. Rathbone Place, London (Established 100 years).

STRENGTHENERS for men and women. — Messrs. Greening, Manufacturing Dentists, 29 Oxford St., Opp. Rathbone Place, London (Established 100 years).

STRENGTHENERS for men and women. — Messrs. Greening, Manufacturing Dentists, 29 Oxford St., Opp. Rathbone Place, London (Established 100 years).

STRENGTHENERS for men and women. — Messrs. Greening, Manufacturing Dentists, 29 Oxford St., Opp. Rathbone Place, London (Established 100 years).

STRENGTHENERS for men and women. — Messrs. Greening, Manufacturing Dentists, 29 Oxford St., Opp. Rathbone Place, London (Established 100 years).

STRENGTHENERS for men and women. — Messrs. Greening, Manufacturing Dentists, 29 Oxford St., Opp. Rathbone Place, London (Established 100 years).

STRENGTHENERS for men and women. — Messrs. Greening, Manufacturing Dentists, 29 Oxford St., Opp. Rathbone Place, London (Established 100 years).

STRENGTHENERS for men and women. — Messrs. Greening, Manufacturing Dentists, 29 Oxford St., Opp. Rathbone Place, London (Established 100 years).

STRENGTHENERS for men and women. — Messrs. Greening, Manufacturing Dentists, 29 Oxford St., Opp. Rathbone Place, London (Established 100 years).

STRENGTHENERS for men and women. — Messrs. Greening, Manufacturing Dentists, 29 Oxford St., Opp. Rathbone Place, London (Established 100 years).

STRENGTHENERS for men and women. — Messrs. Greening, Manufacturing Dentists, 29 Oxford St., Opp. Rathbone Place, London (Established 100 years).

STRENGTHENERS for men and women. — Messrs. Greening, Manufacturing Dentists, 29 Oxford St., Opp. Rathbone Place, London (Established 100 years).

STRENGTHENERS for men and women. — Messrs. Greening, Manufacturing Dentists, 29 Oxford St., Opp. Rathbone Place, London (Established 100 years).

STRENGTHENERS for men and women. — Messrs. Greening, Manufacturing Dentists, 29 Oxford St., Opp. Rathbone Place, London (Established 100 years).

LADIES' GARNERS and **STITCHERS**. — Messrs. Greening, Manufacturing Dentists, 29 Oxford St., Opp. Rathbone Place, London (Established 100 years).

LADIES' GARNERS and **STITCHERS**. — Messrs. Greening, Manufacturing Dentists, 29 Oxford St., Opp. Rathbone Place, London (Established 100 years).

LADIES' GARNERS and **STITCHERS**. — Messrs. Greening, Manufacturing Dentists, 29 Oxford St., Opp. Rathbone Place, London (Established 100 years).

LADIES' GARNERS and **STITCHERS**. — Messrs. Greening, Manufacturing Dentists, 29 Oxford St., Opp. Rathbone Place, London (Established 100 years).

LADIES' GARNERS and **STITCHERS**. — Messrs. Greening, Manufacturing Dentists, 29 Oxford St., Opp. Rathbone Place, London (Established 100 years).

LADIES' GARNERS and **STITCHERS**. — Messrs. Greening, Manufacturing Dentists, 29 Oxford St., Opp. Rathbone Place, London (Established 100 years).

LADIES' GARNERS and **STITCHERS**. — Messrs. Greening, Manufacturing Dentists, 29 Oxford St., Opp. Rathbone Place, London (Established 100 years).

LADIES' GARNERS and **STITCHERS**. — Messrs. Greening, Manufacturing Dentists, 29 Oxford St., Opp. Rathbone Place, London (Established 100 years).

LADIES' GARNERS and **STITCHERS**. — Messrs. Greening, Manufacturing Dentists, 29 Oxford St., Opp. Rathbone Place, London (Established 100 years).

LADIES' GARNERS and **STITCHERS**. — Messrs. Greening, Manufacturing Dentists, 29 Oxford St., Opp. Rathbone Place, London (Established 100 years).

LADIES' GARNERS and **STITCHERS**. — Messrs. Greening, Manufacturing Dentists, 29 Oxford St., Opp. Rathbone Place, London (Established 100 years).

LADIES' GARNERS and **STITCHERS**. — Messrs. Greening, Manufacturing Dentists, 29 Oxford St., Opp. Rathbone Place, London (Established 100 years).

LADIES' GARNERS and **STITCHERS**. — Messrs. Greening, Manufacturing Dentists, 29 Oxford St., Opp. Rathbone Place, London (Established 100 years).

LADIES' GARNERS and **STITCHERS**. — Messrs. Greening, Manufacturing Dentists, 29 Oxford St., Opp. Rathbone Place, London (Established 100 years).

Eiffel Tower BUN FLOUR.

A 1 lb. packet makes 15 delicious light buns with certain success. Almond, Lemon, or Vanilla.

LADIES' GARNERS and **STITCHERS**. — Messrs. Greening, Manufacturing Dentists, 29 Oxford St., Opp. Rathbone Place, London (Established 100 years).

Peek Frean's

RAT-A-CAKE

BISCUITS

Others like them — so will You.
No others like them — so refuse substitutes

DEWAR'S

OF whiskies there are plenty—in different, fair, fair-to-middling, and good. But a wholesomeness affirmed by doctors, a quality approved by analysts, a flavour accorded the highest appreciation of connoisseurs, a rare mellowness, a purity beyond all question, are excellencies not commonly encountered.

In Dewar's "WHITE LABEL" you find them all.

"THIS IS SO SUDDEN!"



Famous Actresses tell of the most Curious Marriage Proposals they have Received.

MANY actresses confess that they have received by letter numerous proposals of marriage from perfect strangers. We have, therefore, collected from a

number of footlight favourites the following striking accounts of curious marriage proposals:

Miss PHYLLIS DARE tells of a proposal from a country clergyman.

I WOULD rather serve quite a long term of imprisonment than refer to the names of any members of the opposite sex who may have been kind enough to wish me to marry them—one at a time, of course. Still, all the same, I do not think I shall be causing anyone the slightest feeling of unpleasantness if I recall a strange proposal I had not long ago when I was playing the leading part in *The Belle of Mayfair* at the Vaudeville Theatre.

One evening, just as I was leaving the stage door, a tall, cadaverous-looking man, dressed in clerical clothes, tapped me lightly on the arm and, in measured tones, said: "Young lady, I have travelled all the way from Devonshire this day to beg and implore you to abandon the stage from this moment."

Of course, at the moment I was too much taken aback to make a suitable reply, and, indeed, before I had collected my scattered senses this strange-looking individual proceeded to address me once again: "Little lady," he said, "do not turn from me, but listen seriously to my proposal. I have a good living in the country, and for years have watched your theatrical career with the greatest interest. But, believe me, the stage is no place for young girls, and therefore I would implore you to give it up for ever. To-morrow I will make you my wife by special license, and you can ever after live a peaceful, intellectual life with me in the country."

I politely refused this tempting offer, much, evidently, to my clerical friend's astonishment, for I left him standing on the pavement outside the theatre gazing wildly after my cab as I drove home. Surely this is the strangest proposal of marriage that any one ever had!

Phyllis Dare

A "hustling American" declared that as his wife **Miss MARIE STUDHOLME** would have "a 40-horse power good time."

"DEAR MISS STUDHOLME,—I guess you are just the sweetest thing on earth, and I have seen a bunch of girls in my time. I arrived from New York ten days ago, but it seems to me that London girls, headed by your sweet self, are away out of sight more captivating than New Yorkers."

"I came over to this country with the idea of just commanding some English girl for a wife, and since I have seen you I guess I am just downright crazy on you. Say, would you care to sample me for a husband? If you didn't like me after a week or two, you could always go back to your mother, and I'd allow you 400 dollars a week."

"You and I, Miss Studholme, would have a 40-horse power good time. Well, just you think the matter over, and write me in reply by the next mail. I shall be waiting for your reply with heart palpitating like the throb of the engines of an Atlantic liner.—Thine, always thine—"

Even at the risk of damaging this palpitating heart, I refused the offer.

Marie Studholme

What **Miss CLARE RICKARDS**, one of the famous **Blair Buns**, received from a West-end milliner.

"DEAR MADAM,—Please excuse the liberty I take in writing to you, but I have a proposal to make which, I trust, you will entertain seriously, as, without a doubt, my scheme would prove most advantageous to both of us."

As you will see by the heading on this notepaper, I am the proprietor of a large millinery establishment in Regent Street, famous the world over for its style and smartness. I happened to visit the Aldwych Theatre last night and saw you in *The Beauty of Bath*. I was struck at once by the extraordinarily graceful way in which you wore your hat. Now, seriously enough—and I have had over fifteen years' experience 'with hats'—very few women—indeed, not one in a hundred—possess the knack of wearing a

fore wish to make a proposal to you. I will supply you with your hats henceforth entirely free of charge on the sole condition that should anyone ask you from whom you get your hats you will mention my name.

"Incidentally—I write it in a whisper—I am an unmarried man. Would that that fact was of interest to you! Dare I hope that one day you will be glad?—Yours always sincerely—"

The day for which the milliner hopes has not yet dawned.

Clare Rickards

Miss HILDA HAMMERTON'S reply to a suitor who declared that marriage "should always be based on business principles."

If ever anyone had cause to make the orthodox reply to an unexpected offer of marriage, "Sir, this is so sudden," I think I may claim that privilege. It happened this way. One day after returning from rehearsals I found, sitting in my dining-room, a messenger boy with an express letter for me to which, he told me, an answer was required at once.

Wondering what this urgent epistle could be, I hastily tore open the envelope, and this is what met my astonished gaze:

"DEAR MADAM,—It has always been my contention that love should be a question of business, and that a woman should marry to better herself. I, therefore, make this proposal, to which I trust you will give your serious consideration. I would, moreover, advise you to consult your solicitors about it, as, probably, a business man will be able to point out to you the great advantages you will derive from it."

"I am a bachelor living all alone in — Square, and although I have a large income, yet, strangely enough, I have few friends, chiefly because, I think, I suffer so intensely from gout, which makes me short-tempered and irritable."

"However, at great personal inconvenience, I went to the theatre the other night, and among the great crowd of beauties I picked you out as the flower of the flock. If I had a beautiful woman as a wife my temper would, I feel sure, improve, and it will give me the greatest delight if you will consent to my offer of marriage."

"There is one thing, however, on which I firmly insist, and that is that, in the event of your becoming my wife, you devote five hours a day especially to reading to me—two hours after breakfast in the morning the newspapers must be read to me; two hours, after luncheon I like to listen to the literary efforts of some great thinker, such as Carlyle; while in the evening for an hour after dinner I like to have the evening papers read to me."

"The time in the rest of the day would be yours, to pass as you will, and I should make no restrictions as to which of your friends you care to spend it with."

"Kindly send reply by bearer, who has instructions to wait.—Yours very truly —"

I sat down at once and wrote the following answer, which, if it was not sweet, was, nevertheless, very much to the point: "No, thank you."

Hilda Hamerton

Miss ZENA DARE'S shattered ideal that marriage and romance go hand in hand.

THERE was a time when I cherished the fond notion that there was invariably a romantic side to a proposal of marriage. But, alas! the dream is broken—utterly broken and shattered—for I have now learnt that, in these practical days, the romantic lover is as extinct as the dodo.

A few months ago, on coming down to breakfast one morning, I found on my plate a telegram from a certain friend of mine who lives in the north of England. It ran as follows:

"Am going away shooting for ten days from to-morrow, but shall be free for a few days from Saturday week next. I should be very glad if you would marry me, therefore, on Tuesday fortnight if you have nothing better to do on that day. Please reply at once, as, of course, in the event of your saying 'yes,' we shall both have several things to arrange."

At first I thought this was a practical joke, but by the last post in the evening, I received a long letter from the sender of this telegram pressing his suit in the most vigorous terms.

That I am still unmarried shows what my answer was.

Zena Dare

WHEN SHALL WE FLY?



By **FRANK HEDGES BUTLER**,

The famous aeronaut, founder of the Aero Club of the United Kingdom, who was present at the wonderful successful flight of Britain's new war balloon, the "Nulli Secundus."

INTERESTED as I am in all matters pertaining to aerial flight, the future of the aeroplane is always much in my mind. And that future is in my opinion a most promising one. I do not think the general public yet realise that the problem of what they call the flying machine has been solved. Nevertheless, it has. The moment a motor capable of generating one-horse power for every 21lb. of its weight was discovered, flying became a practical possibility. And the petrol-driven motor is capable of doing this. Of course, much remains to be done, but already the aeroplane, which must not be in any way confused with any machine supported by a balloon, is further advanced than was the motor-car twelve years ago.

Therefore, in view of the achievements of the Wright Brothers, and other experimenters, and, above all, in view of the discovery of the practical motor, I see no reason why in ten years' time aeroplanes should not be almost as much in use as motor-cars. That may sound a rather strong assertion. But who would have believed ten years ago in the number and capabilities of the motor-cars of to-day? What will be the effect of a general introduction of aeroplanes?

Well, one effect I firmly believe will be to shorten, if not altogether to put a stop to, war, so frightful and devastating will be the power of aeroplanes in warfare.

Then they will revolutionise street traffic. I do not say they will do away with street vehicles, but, by greatly lessening their numbers, aeroplanes will help to solve the many traffic problems all big towns have to face.

So far as commercial utility is concerned, I do not think we can expect much from aeroplanes for a long time. After all, motor-driven land vehicles are as yet little used commercially, and one can hardly expect the aeroplanes as a carrier of merchandise to advance more rapidly than the motor-car.

But I do believe that in ten years' time the aeroplane, as a means of transit, will be almost as much in use as is the motor-car to-day; whilst, as an engine of war, it will be infinitely more powerful than any land engine yet or ever likely to be devised.

THE PLUMBER'S DREAM.

IN some respects it was the most interesting moment of the voyage, for they had just sighted a school of whales, and stood watching, with rapt attention, the majestic mammals spouting for all they were worth. One passenger, in particular, seemed to appreciate the display. As he watched he chuckled and laughed, and, anon, he would rub his hands in ecstasy.

"Seems to give him a good deal of pleasure," remarked a fellow-passenger to the purser.

"Yes," said that official confidentially. "You see, he made all his money as a master plumber, and I expect he's imagining that every spout is a burst water-pipe, and that he's got the job of repairing them at winter rates."

BUNG: "So you have succeeded in tracing back my ancestors! What is your fee?"

Genealogist: "Twenty guineas for keeping quiet about them."

BENSON: "I say, old man, did I ever tell you about the awful fright I got on my wedding day?"

Henson: "Sh! No man should speak like that about his wife."

PRESS FREEDOM.

"WELL," said the editor of the provincial paper, "of course, the freedom of the Press is a great privilege for the people; but it has some rather startling aspects sometimes."

"No doubt," said the listener encouragingly.

"It has indeed!" said the editor. "Only this morning, for instance, I happened to be in the publishing office, the publisher having gone out to publishing job to help eke out the salary I owe him, when a tramp came in. He was a picturesque-looking rascal, with a gleam of impudent fun in his eye."

"'Ullo, guv'nor!" he said. "Is this the 'Free Press' office?"

"It is, my man," said I. "What can we do for you?"

"Well, I want you to press creases into my trousers. They're gone out of shape. Got a room where I can wait?"

"BLURRED LIGHTS."—NO. IV. *Concluded.*

NEW SERIES.

Britain's Most Famous Criminal



By DICK DONOVAN.

Charles Peace, it was explained last week, came of a labouring class. He quickly turned to crime. By making love to a servant he secured a big haul of silver plate at Bradford. Then he committed burglaries all over the country. Whilst escaping from a house at Whalley Range he shot dead a policeman. In 1873 he appeared with his wife at a Sheffield suburb, posing as a picture framer. He made love to a Mrs. Dyson, and threatened her husband with a revolver. For this a warrant was issued for his arrest.

A BULLET IN HIS BRAIN.

By some means Peace heard of the warrant, and fled to Hull, while Dyson changed his residence to Banner Cross, a lonely spot at that time, a few miles out of Sheffield, but they could not escape Peace. He had ascertained their whereabouts, and one day presented himself before the astonished Mrs. Dyson, and though, according to her own account she tried to avoid him, she did not put the police on his track as she should have done. He returned to Hull, kicked his wife and family out of doors, and went back to Banner Cross.

On this occasion, however, Mrs. Dyson refused to have anything to do with him, and he actually had the audacity to go to the vicar of the parish, to whom he represented the Dysons as persons of the lowest type. What purpose he hoped to serve by this is not clear. The clergyman seems to have regarded him either as a madman or a fool, and politely bowed him out. That very night Peace hung about the Dysons' house. About eight o'clock he concealed himself in the back yard, and soon afterwards Mrs. Dyson came out for some purpose, and, being confronted with Peace, she uttered a scream. This brought her husband out, and Peace got into a passage between Dyson's house and the next one. Dyson followed him, and Peace drew his revolver and fired, but missed his mark. Again the wretch fired, and poor Dyson fell dead with a bullet in his brain.

The screams of Mrs. Dyson and the report of the shots alarmed the neighbourhood, though Peace escaped, but did not go far. He knew that the country would be scoured and every road watched, and with the remarkable cunning so characteristic of him, he concealed himself in Sheffield, at the house of a relative, and, with the aid of this relative, he completely disguised himself.

It does not speak well for the intelligence of the Sheffield police that, though they knew of the murder within an hour of its being committed, the murderer was able to escape.

It appears that, trusting to his disguise, he walked to Rotherham, took a ticket for Beverley from Masbro Station, but only travelled as far as Normanston, where he rebooked for York. At York he lay low for a day or two, and then actually travelled to Beverley, thence walked into Hull, where he turned up at his wife's eating house and told her to prepare some dinner for him.

Instead of the woman denouncing him as she should have done, she placed dinner before him, and, curiously enough, while he was eating it, a well-known Hull detective entered the shop with the intention of questioning Mrs. Peace in the hope of learning something of her husband's movements.

The murderer knew the detective, but the detective did not recognise him, and while he was talking to the wife Peace slipped out of the shop, went upstairs, opened a window, and got on to the roof. The police officer soon went away, for the woman assured him that she knew nothing at all about her husband. From his lofty perch the hunted murderer saw the detective depart, so he hastily descended and finished his dinner. The detective, however, having forgotten something, returned, to Peace's amazement, and once more the rascal got away and took refuge on the roof, while the intelligent member of the force remained in ignorance of the fact that he had been within touch of the brutal criminal, for whose arrest all England was clamouring. Peace now came to the conclusion that the scent was getting too hot for his comfort, so he turned himself into a mulatto, and pretended to be a hawker. He purchased a basket and a few wares, such as a hawker would carry, and set off on a burglary expedition.

ONE HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD.

For some weeks he worked at his calling in Yorkshire and Lancashire. Numerous burglaries were the result, and he scooped in a large amount of valuable swag, for which he was able to find a ready market, though it was never discovered who the fences were who bought his stolen property.

So effectual was his disguise, and so apparently innocent his manner, that one day he actually chatted with a police officer on the steps of the police station, while on the walls of the station were placards fully

describing him, and offering a hundred pounds reward for his capture. A few days later he journeyed to Manchester, and, seeing a police-sergeant get into a third-class carriage, he followed him, travelled to Manchester with him, and chatted on all sorts of subjects during the journey, including the Banner Cross murder.

After a few exploits in Manchester, which yielded him a rich harvest, he betook himself to Nottingham, and obtained lodgings in a slum neighbourhood known as Narrow Marsh. There he fell in with an

abandoned woman named Thompson, and gave her jewellery and fine dresses, all of which, of course, he stole. That was in January, 1877. On one of his expeditions he broke into a silk factory, and secured over £300 worth of silk. On this occasion the police seemed to have got a clue, and visited the house where Peace and the woman were lodging. Two detectives suddenly walked into the bedroom early one morning, and the murderer must have felt that his time had come. But he retained his presence of mind, and, rising up in bed, he began to pour out a volley of abuse on the detectives for daring to intrude into the bedroom of a respectable man and his wife, and threatened to "chuck them out" if they didn't go at once.

The men were somewhat astonished, and, explaining that they were officers of the law, they began to question him. Peace became more angry. He declared that he was a hawker and that his name was Bailey. The police thereupon asked him for his hawkers' licence.

"Do you suppose that I sleep with my license hung round my neck?" he roared, and, turning to his companion, he said, "Here, missus, go and get the license for these fools, it's in the tin box downstairs."

THE ESCAPE ON THE ROOF.

The "missus" hinted that her delicacy of feeling would be outraged unless the "gentlemen" withdrew while she suitably attired herself, so the officers went on to the landing. No sooner had they gone and the door was closed than Peace sprang up, scrambled into his clothes, opened the window very cautiously, climbed up a water spout, crossed some roofs, climbed down another spout, and sought shelter in the house of a man he knew. The amazement of the baffled detectives may be imagined. It cannot be described.

They resolved to keep an eye on the woman, but somehow or another she managed to elude them, and, joining Peace, travelled with him to Hull. That seaport seemed to have a fascination for him, and, astounding as it seems, it is nevertheless a fact that he and Thompson actually took lodgings in the house of a policeman.

Here they remained for something like two months, during which he committed burglary after burglary and secured some valuable booty. A perfect reign of terror set in owing to the numerous robberies. One night he entered the house of a town councillor, and made a fine haul of silver and jewellery. As he emerged from the place he found himself face to face with a constable, who tried to capture him, but Peace drew his revolver and fired, and the policeman seems to have lost his head and bolted.

AN EPIDEMIC OF ROBBERIES.

The following day Peace and Mrs. Thompson told the man with whom they lodged that sudden illness of a relative necessitated their journeying with all speed to Newcastle. They booked for the Tyneside city, but alighted at York, and took tickets for London, where he arrived at the beginning of the summer of 1877. He immediately secured a small shop in Lambeth, and set up as a musical instrument seller, his stock being the proceeds of his robberies.

The neighbours soon came to the conclusion that the new-comer was a desirable acquisition. He was so quiet, so unobtrusive, and, withal, so clever. Here for a period of six months Peace and Thompson lived, and then the much hunted man took a villa on the borders of Blackheath, assumed the name of Thompson, and actually sent for his wife, and she consented to live with him in the Blackheath villa, notwithstanding the presence of the woman Thompson, and though she knew he was a treble-dyed murderer. Mrs. Thompson was his ostensible wife, and Mrs. Peace, who called herself Ward, passed as his sister.

The villa now became the scene of festivities, "at homes," musical parties, suppers, dances, and all the while there was an epidemic of burglaries in Greenwich and Blackheath. They were supposed to be the work of an expert gang of most accomplished cracksmen, and the people were very angry because the police did not lay them by the heels. But the final act in the career of the astounding villain, Charles Peace, was now to begin, and it rose to a pitch of thrilling melodramatic interest. So astounding does

it seem now, that were it not for the police records it might all pass for a work of fiction. But truth is ever more astounding than fiction, and we must look to real life for romance.

On the night of October 10th, 1878, an exceedingly plucky and determined constable, named Robinson, was on duty in St. John's Park, Blackheath, when he was surprised to see a light in the dining-room of the house of a gentleman named Burness. It was 2 a.m., and the rest of the premises being in darkness, the sharp-eyed constable's suspicions were aroused, so he ran to the beat of another constable named Young, and secured his assistance.

BROUGHT TO BOOK.

The two men sat on the garden wall and watched for three-quarters of an hour, and they saw the light moved to and fro in a very suggestive manner.

A sergeant came up, and to him the policemen made known their suspicions. The sergeant at once took action. Young was sent to the end of the avenue to block that means of exit. Robinson was to remain on the wall ready for any emergency, and the sergeant stepped to the front door and tugged vigorously at the bell. Instantly the light was extinguished, the dining-room window was opened cautiously, and a man stepped out and bolted. Robinson dropped from his perch on the wall, and set off in pursuit. He gained on the fugitive, when the latter turned and fired on him with a revolver.

Undeterred by this, the policeman endeavoured to come up with his quarry. Again and again the burglar fired. The fifth shot struck the policeman, nevertheless Robinson threw himself on the man, and a desperate struggle ensued.

Robinson was wounded severely, and blood was pouring from the wound, but he drew his truncheon and battered his foe.

While they were thus engaged in a death grip, the sergeant and the other constable came on the scene, breathless and mud-bespattered. By this time the burglar was half stunned, and his revolver was empty. Nevertheless, he made a desperate struggle for freedom, but was overpowered, handcuffed, and hauled to the station.

The following day the newspapers had some fine copy. They recorded a "Desperate Struggle at Blackheath," and went on to record the arrest of a man about fifty, a half-caste, who refused his name and address. He was armed with a revolver, and had endeavoured to murder one of his captors, who, though seriously wounded, had fought bravely with the ruffian.

Of course, the police ransacked the neighbourhood for clues, and in a few days learnt that the Thompsons, supposed to be highly respectable, who had formerly lived in Blackheath, but more recently had removed to a commodious house in Evelina Road, Nunhead, had very mysteriously fled, within the last day or two, carrying off their goods and chattels. They had gone North and were traced easily, as they had engaged a local furniture remover to cart their things away.

The woman Thompson, under threats of imprisonment, disclosed all she knew about "John Ward," and, being further pressed, she revealed the fact which she had learnt during her residence with him that John Ward was none other than Charles Peace, the brutal murderer of poor Mr. Dyson.

Here, indeed, was a revelation, and London was provided with a new sensation. A police officer from Sheffield who knew Peace well was brought to London to identify him, and made it clear beyond doubt that the pluck of constable Robinson was responsible for the capture of a human monster who for far too long a period had set the law at defiance.

In due course "John Ward" was tried at the Central Criminal Court for burglary and attempted murder, and, being convicted, was sentenced to penal servitude for life. In the meantime an officer had been sent post haste to America to bring back Mrs. Dyson, who had returned to her native country, and she arrived in London under the care of the officer in January, 1879. A writ of *habeas corpus* was issued, and on January 16th the cold-blooded rascal Peace was brought to Sheffield from Pentonville Prison, so that he might be produced at the Sheffield Police Court, where it was necessary to hold the murder inquiry.

After hearing the evidence the magistrate adjourned the case for a week, as the prisoner had engaged the service of a counsel, and this person, although he knew there could be no doubt about the guilt of his client, wished for time to prepare a defence.

JUMPED FROM AN EXPRESS.

The murderer was taken back to Pentonville, and in a week's time was again taken to Sheffield. He and the warders travelled by the newspaper train from King's Cross, which was timed to arrive at Sheffield at 9 a.m. As the train neared Darnall, Peace exclaimed to the warders, "There's Darnall. That's where I used to live. Open the window and let's have a breath of air." One of the warders, wishing to oblige the prisoner, who he knew was doomed to the gallows, opened the window, when instantly Peace took a harlequin leap, and might have got clear away had not the other warder seized one of his feet as he fell.

Sergeant Patrick Conway, the most famous non-commissioned officer living, tells of the thrilling part he played at Inkerman in this month's ROYAL.

The train was an express; the prisoner hung from the window, and with his free foot kicked the hands of the warder, lacerating them cruelly. The other warder made frantic efforts to stop the train, but before he could do so the prisoner's boot came off and the Banner Cross murderer was free.

Two miles were covered before the train could be stopped. Then out sprang the warders, and rushed back, and presently found their prisoner lying insensible between the up metals. As they proceeded to raise him, he partially recovered and murmured, "It's very cold. Cover me up."

The prisoner had fallen on his head, but it was not that which rendered him insensible. He had badly sprained his ankle, and the pain was so intense that he had fainted. But for that the remarkable criminal would probably have got free, and it is safe to say that the strong probabilities are he would never have been recaptured alive. He had made a desperate bid for life, and had played his last card.

On February 4th, 1879, he was tried at Leeds; the evidence against him was overwhelming. He was found guilty and sentenced to death, and was warned by the judge that all hope had gone for him in this world. He proved an exceptionally troublesome prisoner, and had to be very closely watched and guarded.

He was pressed to explain how he had got rid of the proceeds of his countless robberies, but he resolutely declined to give any information, though he provided a new sensation by confessing that it was he who shot the policeman at Whalley Range, Manchester, in August, 1876. For that crime William Habron was suffering penal servitude for life. The confession secured his release, and compensation for the mistake that had been made.

As Peace's mis-spent life drew to a close, he professed to be repentant, and paid some attention to the exhortations of the prison chaplain, but those who had to watch him were perfectly convinced that he would not have hesitated to have slain chaplain and warders if by so doing he could have secured his freedom. But the desperate nature of the man was too well known by this time for any trust to be reposed in him, and he was never left night or day, and, indeed, extraordinary precautions were taken to ensure his being safe-guarded until, to the great relief of all concerned, he expired his many crimes on the scaffold at Armley Gaol.

(Next week—"John Sadleir, M.P., Emperor of Crime.")

CUPID AT THE BAR.

"If you were a—jury, Clara," said the embarrassed young lawyer, hesitatingly, "I could plead my cause with more self-possession. But in Cupid's courts I don't think I can claim to be a first-class advocate."

"Perhaps you have not had an extensive practice, William," suggested the maiden softly.

"That's it exactly, Clara," eagerly rejoined the young man, moving his chair a little nearer. "I'm a new hand at this business; but if I felt sure the jury—"

"Meaning me?"

"Yes—wasn't prejudiced against the counsel—"

"Meaning you?"

"Yes. Why, then, I might—"

"What kind of jury are you considering me, William?" she asked, with downcast eyes.

"A common jury, of course. You couldn't be a grand jury, you know."

"Why not?"

"Because I don't plead before grand juries."

"I think, William," said the blushing maiden, "I would rather, for this occasion, be considered a grand jury, if you don't mind."

"Why, dear?"

"Because—"

And she hid her face somewhere in the vicinity of his coat-collar—"because I have found a true Bill!"

FOUNDED 1871.

THE OCEAN

Accident and Guarantee Corporation, Limited.

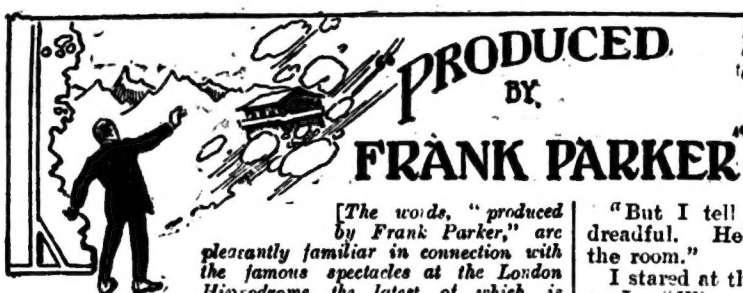
(Empowered by Special Act of Parliament.)

Assets exceed £2,000,000.

The Corporation has paid over **£6,000,000** in Claims.

Personal Accidents. Employers' Liability. Fidelity Guarantees. Fire and Burglary. Public Liability. Excess Bad Debt. Boiler and Lift Inspection and Insurance.

HEAD OFFICE: MOORCATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.
RICHARD J. PAULL, General Manager and Secretary.



[The words, "produced by Frank Parker," are pleasantly familiar in connection with the famous spectacles at the London Hippodrome, the latest of which is the marvellous "Avalanche." In a bright little ride Mr. Parker chats about his life and his work.]

I WAS born under the footlights of Drury Lane—or almost. Anyway, at a very early age I started my stage career as a gas-boy at the National Theatre, and I am glad to remember that I was considered the smartest gas-boy in the place.

What changes, by the way, I have seen in the lighting of theatres. I used to start work at three o'clock in the afternoon to be ready for the evening performance. Now you press a button or turn a switch, and everything is done.

It was eerie work lighting up Drury Lane, especially on a foggy winter's afternoon, when a "London particular" had got into the theatre, and there was always a certain element of risk. To get at the big centre chandelier I had to be hauled up to the roof, and there were other parts where a cool head and considerable agility were needed.

I remember one of the firemen used to take a delight in popping up unexpectedly and shouting, "Look out!" when I was engaged on some particularly awkward bit, and in this way I more than once nearly fell into the depths below.

TWENTY GHOSTLY MONKEYS.

I was rather a favourite with the stage hands, and they determined to give my persecutor a lesson. They got about twenty property monkeys, which they coated with phosphorus and at the last moment placed in the darkest passages and corners my friend the fireman would have to visit on his final rounds. He duly started on his final round, but he never finished it, and next day there was a vacancy for a fireman at Drury Lane.

From gas-boy I was promoted from one post to another, occasionally playing boys' parts on the stage, and finally I became assistant stage-manager under Sir Augustus Harris and his brother Charles, who taught me everything I know of the art of stage production.

They were the best friends I ever had in my life, and treated me more like a son than an employee. Nevertheless, it was a quarrel, or, at all events, a disagreement, with them that made me leave the Lane. It is too long a story to tell here, but, briefly put, I was unjustly blamed for a *contretemps* on the stage, and, being a high-spirited lad, I took violent offence, resigned, and went to the Gaiety Theatre at an "Irishman's rise" of 10s. a week less salary.

Since then—well, I think I may claim to have produced more spectacles of all kinds than any other man, and I may mention that I produced the first musical comedy seen in London, viz., "Morocco Bound."

I am asked to say something about the trials of a producer's life. Well, I can say it's all trials, and at times I feel inclined to commit some serious crime so as to enjoy the peace and rest of penal servitude for life.

As to success as a producer, it is simply a case of hard, never-ending work, and keeping your temper in circumstances which would reduce an archbishop to hopeless profanity.

By the way, I believe I am known in the theatrical world as the "man who never swears"—at rehearsals, that is.

IT NEVER PAYS TO BE RUDE.

I have discovered a more effective method of expressing displeasure than lurid language. When my patience is strained to breaking point and I am in serious danger of bursting something internally, I address the offender thus, "My dear, darling, love-duck pet!" and it never fails to answer—they know then that I am getting dangerous.

And, really, it never pays to be rude to anyone—you never know when they may be in a position to retaliate.

I remember I once almost lost my temper with a chorus-girl, and said unkind things to her, eventually giving her "the sack."

Some years afterwards I was invited to produce a new play, which was being financed by a wealthy amateur. Preliminaries satisfactorily settled, I called on this gentleman to make the final arrangements. The leading lady, in whose interests the play was being produced, was with him, and the moment she saw me she exclaimed, "I won't have that man in the theatre." She was, of course, the ex-chorus girl, and I lost the appointment.

Some time ago I was at the Hippodrome when one of the stage hands came up to me and said: "Charlie's

upstairs in your room, sir." I was very busy at the time, and just nodded, thinking he meant my small son. Presently, however, back he came with an anxious face.

"He's doing a lot of damage, sir," he said.

"Oh, nonsense," said I; "he won't do any harm."

"But I tell you, sir, he's carryin' on something dreadful. He's pretty well smashed everything in the room."

I stared at the man, wondering whether he was mad or I. "What on earth are you talking about?" I said angrily, "the idea of my boy—" "But it's Charlie the elephant, sir, he's—" I did not wait to hear any more.

I had been in the habit of feeding "Charlie," the famous elephant, with carrots every morning, but for once I had forgotten him, and, with the marvellous sagacity of his kind, he had found his way to my room. But it was easier for him to get in than to get out, for my room is peculiarly shaped with many corners in it, and he had got stuck. Then he had gone stark, staring, raving mad. Heavens! what a sight met my eyes!

He had got hold of my roll-top desk, and rolled it to spillikins. He had smashed the window and mirrors. He had torn up the carpet and dismembered the chairs and sofa. And, unkindest cut of all, he had got hold of the six silk hats it is a hobby of mine to keep always ready, and—well, you can imagine what a silk hat looks like after an elephant has been playing football with it.

It took the united efforts of seventy men to drag "Charlie" out of my room, and he precious near brought the whole building with him.

In conclusion, I may say that I have travelled a good deal in search of "local colour" for my productions. Recently, in connection with "The Avalanche," I went over to Grindelwald to study glacier effects, and by a stroke of extraordinary good luck—at least, from my point of view—an avalanche occurred the very day after I arrived, the first one for a very long time, and I had a splendid view of it—an awe-inspiring spectacle.

What is more, they have been having avalanches there ever since, and I understand that if I ever show my face there again they are going to drop me into the deepest crevasse they can find. They seem to think that these avalanches are "produced by—"

John Sadleir

HE: "Look at that woman on the other side of the street waving her hands about her head. Is she practising physical culture?"

SHE: "Mercy, no! She's describing her new hat to another woman."

LITTLE SAMMY: "What's your father, Willie?"

LITTLE WILLIE: "He's a man."

LITTLE SAMMY: "Oh, I mean what does he do for his bread and butter?"

LITTLE WILLIE: "He's an artichoke, and draws houses!"

PORTRAIT PAINTING BENEATH THE WAVES.

THE latest fad of wealthy society women, more especially those of American extraction, is to have their portraits painted in out-of-way places.

Thus, one sitter recently had hers done in a coal-mine. The picture is described as being a most effective one, the black, shadowy background, upon which dimly appear the swarthy figures of colliers and hewers busy at their tasks, serving to accentuate by contrast the apparently ethereal beauty of the lady and the exquisite daintiness of her dress of pure white velvet.

Another portrait, which has been painted by the well-known French artist, M. Namur, and which is to be exhibited in the forthcoming Paris Salon, was begun and completed on the summit of Mont Blanc. Both artist and lady were wrapped in thick furs, as for an Arctic expedition, and even then the sittings were of only a few minutes' duration, as the thermometer registered from 21 to 27 degrees below zero Fahrenheit. In between whiles they sought the welcome shelter of the observatory—which occupies the centre of the snow dome forming the culminating point of the mountain—and thawed themselves out before its fires.

Portraits have also been painted in airships and in the cars of balloons, with only the blue sky for background; while one lady carried her craze for this latest form of eccentricity so far as to voluntarily descend over a dozen times in succession to the bottom of the sea in a glass diving bell, accompanied, of course, by the artist whose services she had requisitioned. The resultant portrait, with its curious green half-tones, is said by those who have seen it to be strikingly effective.

MR WIMBLEBY'S CAT.

By Arnold Golsworthy.



"HENRY!" called Mrs. Chorley from upstairs, "that horrid cat from next door is in the front garden eating my ferns. Do go and drive it away."

Mr. Chorley, who was sitting by the dining-room window reading the snappy reports of police-court cases in the evening paper, got up with a weary sigh and went to the street door. The cat raised its eyes for a moment and cast a withering glance at Mr. Chorley's feet as though mentally commenting on their unusual size; and then it resumed its meal on a superb spray of maiden-hair fern.

"Shoo!" exclaimed Mr. Chorley. "Get out, you brute!"

The cat looked up again, this time in a dignified way, as though to imply that if any little difference existed between them they could surely debate it as gentlemen, without resorting to these really unmannerly tactics.

"You won't, won't you, eh?" said Mr. Chorley. "Then I'll pretty soon move you." And he hurried down the garden path and lifted one of the feet above referred to with the view of kicking the intruder back on its own premises. At the same moment a stern looking face suddenly appeared over the top of the privet hedge that separated the two gardens.

"Good evening, Mr. Chorley."

"Good evening, Mr. Wimbleby," replied Chorley. "Your cat's been at my wife's favourite ferns again, and I was just going to 'shoo' it away."

"Shoo" it?" said Mr. Wimbleby with a little chuckle at his own cleverness. "You mean boot it, don't you? But I shouldn't try it on if I were you, Mr. Chorley. The man who hurts my cat, hurts me."

And as Mr. Wimbleby said this he drew himself up to his full height of six feet two, and laid on the top of the

dumb thing. And I just want to warn you, that's all. I'm a life member of the Dumb Animals Society. We get somebody put into prison nearly every week for cruelty to animals. If I had caught you hurting my cat I should at once have laid the matter before our committee, and it would have meant at least a month's hard labour, Mr. Chorley."

"Oh, I say!" exclaimed Mr. Chorley. "You think it over," said Mr. Wimbleby. "I'm a quiet, law-abiding person myself, and I try to be a good neighbour. But my cat never does any harm to anybody, and I'm not going to have anybody hurt it. Good evening, Mr. Chorley."

"Evenin'," muttered Mr. Chorley as he walked back to the house, wondering how it felt to be picking oakum or going up a flight of stairs that had no top to it.

As he closed the hall door, Mary Ann staggered out of the kitchen. "Please sir," she said, gasping in her excitement, "there's something got into the pantry. I only left the door open a minute while I ran upstairs, and it must have come in from the road."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Mr. Chorley. "It's Wimbleby's cat."

He rushed to the pantry door, and found his suspicions verified. Mr. Wimbleby's cat was a large, nubby animal, somewhat like its master in its robust development. As Mr. Chorley reached the pantry door, the cat was busily occupied in separating a cold roast fowl from the broken pieces of the plate that had come off the shelf with it. As it apparently concluded from Mr. Chorley's presence that no time was to be lost in making the most of its windfall, the cat fell on the cold fowl with a greedy cough, and commenced not so much to eat it as to absolutely scoff it.

The brute went to work with so much vigour that it did not give itself time to take breath between the bites, and it had to cough up the wishbone three times before it finally disposed of that toothsome morsel. Evidently the cat's idea was that if it couldn't finish the fowl itself, Mr. Chorley would find that it had lost a good deal of its tempting appearance in the rush.

Mr. Chorley stooped down and attempted to snatch the mutilated remains away. As he did so the cat shot out a paw like a flash of greased lightning, and Mr. Chorley absolutely yelped with the pain of a long scratch that ran from his wrist to his knuckles.

By this time Mrs. Chorley had arrived on the scene in a state of excitement. Informing her husband that he was quite unfit to carry an enterprise of any magnitude to a successful conclusion—or something to that effect—Mrs. Chorley snatched up a broom and bravely approached the foe.

The cat paused and eyed Mrs. Chorley warily. Then it drew its head in and began to growl a good deal. If it is true that the growling noise made by cats in moments of excitement is equivalent to swearing, the language that the intruder was using must have been something awful.

"Look out, mum!" screamed Mary Ann. "He's a crouchin' for a spring. He's a goin' to fly at you!"

"You musn't hurt it, my dear," said Mr. Chorley hurriedly. "Wimbleby says we can get six months for cruelty to animals."

"Rubbish!" exclaimed Mrs. Chorley, shutting her eyes and aiming a blind whack at the corner where the cat was spitting and growling. As the head of the broom came down, the cat flew up. Mrs. Chorley fell back upon Mr. Chorley, who had been watching the fight over her shoulder, cannoning him with some violence into Mary Ann who had been hiding behind him for safety. And with a combined yelp the three fell to the ground together in a confused heap.

"I knew this would happen!" said Mrs. Chorley, as she scrambled to her feet.

"In that case, my dear, I think if I had been in your place, I would have taken some steps to prevent it," replied Mr. Chorley, rising more slowly and wrapping his handkerchief round his wounded hand.

"Don't be ridiculous," exclaimed Mrs. Chorley, as she hurried out into the hall. "Where's that brute? I'll teach it to steal my fowl!"

"I don't think it needs much teaching, my dear," said Mr. Chorley. "It seems fairly proficient already."

Mrs. Chorley, however, was not listening to her husband's unjustifiable frivolity, indulged in at a time

when the enemy was at their gates, as it were. She had run the cat to earth behind the umbrella stand and was occupied at the moment in prodding it out into the open with a walking stick.

The next minute there was a furious ringing at the bell. Mr. Chorley, who happened to be in the hall, answered it, and found Mr. Wimbleby standing in the porch. As the door was opened, the cat shot out from behind the umbrella stand and darted past its master like a bolt from the blue.

"Ah!" said Mr. Wimbleby, pointing to the stick in Mrs. Chorley's hand. "I said so. I've come just in time to catch you at it. As soon as I turn my back you lure my poor cat in here in order to maltreat it. This is a case for my committee."

"The—the brute—has eaten up—half a fowl," gasped Mrs. Chorley.

"Rubbish!" retorted Mr. Wimbleby. "You don't keep fowls now. What next, indeed?"

"Look what it did to my hand," said Mr. Chorley indignantly.

"Ha!" exclaimed Mr. Wimbleby, "then there is



As the head of the broom came down the cat flew up.

justice for the helpless, after all! My poor cat would never have done a thing like that if it hadn't been cruelly provoked. As it has taken the law into its own hands I won't report the matter to my committee. I'll let you off this time. But don't let it occur again, that's all."

And Mr. Wimbleby strode angrily away leaving Mr.



Mr. Chorley absolutely yelped with the pain.

hedge a fist that was as large as a fair sized leg of mutton. Mr. Chorley didn't run to much more than five feet four in his stockings, and he rather prided himself on his and delicate looking hands.

"I wasn't going to hurt the poor thing," said Chorley with a pacifying smile.

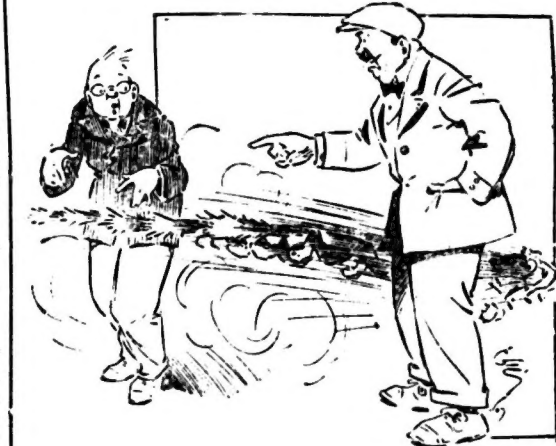
"You were going to kick it," corrected Mr. Wimbleby, solemnly.

"I—yes—perhaps," stammered Mr. Chorley.

"Well," said Mr. Wimbleby, "I don't know how it is with other cats, but when my cat is kicked it usually makes a noise that indicates a feeling of pain. And I conclude from that that kicking it hurts it."

"Well," said Mr. Chorley, as he looked round, "the cat's gone now, so there's nothing more to be said."

"Excuse me," insisted Mr. Wimbleby, "there's a good deal more to be said. Are you aware that last week a



The cat darted past like a bolt from the blue.

and Mrs. Chorley absolutely speechless in their excitement.

(Another episode in Mr. Chorley's career will be related next week.)

"Your worship," pleaded the convicted man, "do what you like with me, but don't send my wife to prison, too! Let her go free!"

"Impossible," replied the magistrate sternly. "You will go to hard labour; she will go to penal servitude."

"Oh, that's all right! I was afraid you was goin' to put us in the same cell!"

Even as the diamond is to the lump of glass, so is the ROYAL MAGAZINE unto other periodicals.

Picked Pars.

Bravo, Madame.

Mme. Hachim, who is eighty years old, jumped into the river at Condé, France, and rescued a boy from drowning.

W. Shakespeare. K.C.

In giving evidence in a case at Halifax a witness turned to the Bench and pleaded for the accused by reciting the lines from the *Merchant of Venice* beginning: "The quality of mercy is not strained."

The Human Limpet.

Stepping on a train as it was running out of Wimborne Station, a passenger found that the door of the carriage which he sought to enter was locked. He clung to the door for about a mile, when his plight was made known to the guard, and the train was stopped.

Yorkshire's Prettiest Village.

A Yorkshire paper has taken the votes of its readers as to which is the prettiest village in Yorkshire, and the result of the poll has been to confer the proud distinction on Thornton-le-Dale, in the North Riding, which secured 11,111 votes out of a total of 70,926.

Rough on Wasps.

Principally as the result of prizes offered by the Horticultural Society, nearly 1,500 queen wasps have been killed at Warminster, one competitor alone accounting for 485. Many thousands have been destroyed during the past few years, and the plague in the neighbourhood has greatly diminished.

Mewed at Achilles.

A mummy cat, supposed to be 3,500 years old, from a tomb at Thebes, sold for £3 3s. in a London auction-room recently.

This Summer, Too!

While a lady was sitting in her garden at Crowborough (Sussex) a celluloid comb that she was wearing ignited under the rays of the sun.

Not Worth It.

Henri Falmont, a veteran soldier, committed suicide in Paris because his doctor advised him to give up his pipe if he wished to preserve his health.

From Pipes to Pi.

Wild pigeons having by their numerous nests obstructed the water pipes at Mile End Workhouse, the Guardians have told the master to shoot them as he requires them for pigeon pies.

Poor Perry.

An Irishman named Perry, of Boise City, Idaho, has obtained a license to marry an Indian girl named Queen-of-the-Earth. Her father's name is Sleeps-with-One-Eye, and that of her mother is Live-for-Ever.

Pleasant for the Herrings.

Trawlers arriving at Grimsby reported recently the presence in the North Sea of a large number of sharks of all sizes, chiefly of the bottle-nose variety. The fishermen declare that the monsters are on the track of the herrings.

A Few Items of Fact that will Interest You.

The River Wine.

The authorities at Eidenbroden, Germany, have punished a merchant for selling adulterated wine by pouring it into the basin of a dried-up stream. The inhabitants of the little town rushed to the wine river with pitchers and jars and soon emptied it.

Puss as a Pointer.

Mr. R. S. Gibson, of El Paso, Texas, is the owner of a cat which accompanies him in his hunting expeditions. The cat, according to its master, makes a better pointer than any dog in Texas, and he would not part with it for £100.

His Little Wooden Hut.

After residing for over twenty years in wooden huts, Bargeed's mountain hermit, Edmund Morgan, has just been removed to Merthyr Workhouse. The departure of the old recluse was most pathetic, for he burst into tears at having to leave his cherished hut.

Lightshirts.

A flare of light was observed one night recently off Sandy Hook, and a tugboat put off in a very heavy sea to ascertain the reason. A couple of miles off the shore the tug came upon a boat containing sixteen reserve men, who were being carried out to sea by the strong tide. It seems that the men were unable to row against the current, and to attract attention were obliged to set fire to their shirts.

Picture Pars. (See special offer in footline.)

WHEN REMOVING BARK.

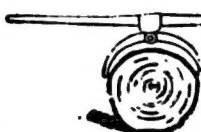
THE implement in the accompanying illustration, which looks as though someone had set out to make a spade, and then run short of material, is, as a matter of fact, a tool used by "tan-flayers" for removing the bark from oak trees in the spring time. In appearance it is something like an ordinary garden "dibber," but rather longer, curved on one side, and terminating in a flat, spoon-like piece of iron. The "tan-flayer's" method of working is first of all to make a slight cut in the bark with a hand-bill, and then, inserting the point of this instrument gradually, lever the bark off. The curve, shown in the second illustration, is to enable the wood-sawyer to get round the bole of the tree.

THE JAPANESE WAY.

ONE of Japan's strangest and most charming customs is associated with the launching of their ships. When a new vessel is about to take the water, a dove-cot full of pigeons is placed on the fore-castle deck, the birds being confined by means of a sliding door. Just as the vessel is gliding gracefully down the slips, this door is opened and the birds suddenly rise upwards in a white cloud and then scatter in every direction. The exact meaning of the ceremony is unknown, but it is of very ancient origin, and no vessel is launched in Japan without its being enacted.

THE LOGGER'S FRIEND.

THIS illustration shows two implements in use in the lumber camps of Canada. No. 1 is known as a "carrying hook," and is used by two persons for carrying logs from one place to another. So large are some of the logs that it takes thirty or more couples armed with these hooks to lift them. No. 2 is a "cant hook," and in the hands of a couple of men who understand their business it is wonderful what enormous logs can be rolled (or "canted") by the aid of these ingenious tools. They are as indispensable to the logger as a hod is to a bricklayer or a palette to an artist.



HEAVING THE LOG.

HEAVING the log is one of those picturesque sea expressions with which all landmen are acquainted though probably few could explain the exact process. The "log" as seen in the illustration, is a quadrant shaped piece of wood loaded with lead at the curve. The line to which it is attached is 120 fathoms long and is divided by knots into equal distances of forty-seven feet each. These distances are the same fraction of a nautical mile (a knot) as twenty-eight seconds is of one hour. Consequently the number of knots that slip off the reel in twenty-eight seconds after the "log" is in the water, is the speed per hour that the ship is making.



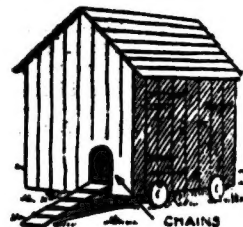
A PEC B LEAD

"HOP-DOGS" IN KENT.

If most people were asked what a "hop-dog" was they would probably guess that it was some kind of performing animal. As a matter of fact it is an implement at present in great demand in the hop-fields of Kent. A wooden pole about five feet in length, provided with an iron jaw in which notches are made, it is used for thrusting into a "hill" of hops, and levering up the poles for picking over the bins. Our sketch represents the most common form of "hop-dog," but in some cases the "jaw" is turned in the opposite direction.

TOO CLEVER.

THE expression "as cunning as a fox" has passed into the language; but, as is the case with most extra 'cute' gentlemen, there are occasions when Master Reynard over-reaches himself. Any visitor to the country who has ever examined a chicken house in the middle of a field has probably noticed two or three short pieces of chain hanging over the hole by which the fowls enter. Although they form no obstacle to the birds, who push their way in without the faintest difficulty, they will infallibly prevent a fox from raiding the house. The latter in his superior wisdom takes them to be a trap for his capture, and, although he may sit outside hungrily "licking his chops," nothing will induce him to put his head through the chains. Truly a case of a little learning being a dangerous thing.



(Continued from page 1.)

- Fraser, M. P., 2 Heriot Row, Edinburgh.
French, G. W., 37 Mark Lane, E.C.
Frost, Miss A. C., 102 George St., Edinburgh.
Garmon, H., 443 Rensford Rd., Forest Gate, E.
George, Mrs., 47 Queensborough Terr., Hyde Park, W.
Gibson, D. B., 14 Elizabeth Ave., Belfast.
Gold, W. L., 24 Hopeton St., Goucester, N.B.
Gould, C. J., 2 Nightingale Rd., Waukegan, N.E.
Goy, G. W., 3 Stamp End, Lincoln.
Green, Norman, 50 Madeira Rd., Streatham, S.W.
Griffiths, Geo., 24 Manly St., Regent's Park, N.W.
Griffiths, Miss J., 1 Kilbyon Rd., Capham, S.W.
Grover, F., 10 Morris Avenue, Balton, Leeds.
Gruener, E. C., 3 Robert St., Bedford Row, W.C.
- Hedland, H. E., 148 St. James's Pl. Rd., Northampton.
Haggerty, Richard, St. David's, Croydon, Co. Wicklow.
Hall, G. T., Gosford Bridge, Coventry.
Hall, H. C., 87 Douglas Terr., Boro Rd., W. Middlesex.
Hamer, Miss M. E., Twitell, Carnarvon, N. Wales.
Hamilton, E., Melbourne Cottages, Strathaven, N.B.
Hancock, G. J., Central Tel. Office, London.
Hancock, M. D., 3 Clyda Man, Gordon Gdns., W. Hampstead, N.W.
Hansell, F. J., 141 Queens Rd., Buckland, Portsmouth.
Harden, S. F., 44 Thorncliffe Rd., Barrow-in-Furness.
Hare, Eustace, Clorally, Henham, Walton-on-Thames.
Harmann, A., 105 Albert Rd., Horky, Surrey.
Harris, G., 35 Lake Rd., Portsmouth.
Harris, Rose, 16 Kimberley Terr., Whitechurch Rd., Cardiff.
Harrison, E., 34 Chesterton Rd., N. Kensington, W.
Harrison, J. R., Myre Rd., E. Gt. Crosby, L'pool.
Harris, John, 105 Old Kent Rd., S.E.
Hart, T. E., 40 Colombe St., East Greenwich, S.E.
Hawthorn, P. J., 36 Moorgate St., E.C.
Haynes, Gaur, J. C., R.G.A., Felixstowe.
Hayward, A. I., 11 Kimberley Terr., L. Sydenham, S.E.
Heed, F., 8 Duke St., Adelphi.
Healy, Nuz., 49 Upper Gloucester Pl., Regent's Pk., N.W.
Hedford, H., 217 Ravelock St., Kettering.
- Henderson, H. J., 79 Wickham Rd., Brockley, S.E.
Henderson, R. A., 15 Randal Rd., Clifton, Bristol.
Hendry, Jas., 32 Williamsburgh, Paisley.
Henry, M., Ashfield, Park Rd., Belfast.
Herbert, J., Court Lodge, Nutfield, Redhill.
Heron, Miss M. F., Ashton House, Entry Hill, Bath.
Hewitt, D. J., Brynmawr, Dunvant, nr. Swansea.
Hewitt, H. J., 62 Bealey St., Windsor.
Hicks, Fred., 10 Truro Venn, Truro.
Hickson, W. H., 25 Kempford Rd., Kensington, S.E.
Hiley, J., 194 Odessa Rd., Forest Gate, E.
Hill, Mrs., 9 Mount Collyer Ave., Belfast.
Hinch, P., Albert Villa, Fairfield, Buxton.
Hinchcliffe, Chas., 25 Red Lion St., W.C.
Hinchcliffe, H., Church Inn, Spring St., Eury.
Hirst, H., 12 Alredale Coll. Terr., Otley Rd., Bradford.
Hiscock, B., Queen St., Gillingham, Dorset.
Hobbs, Miss R., 7 Belgrave Rd., Clifton, Bristol.
Hochey, W. J., 31 Ombury Rd., Bedford.
Hodges, Jas. H., 44 Lincolns St., Moss Side, M'ter.
Hollingsworth, Chas., 183 Northumberland St., N'ham.
Holmes, W. G., West St., Quadrant, Hillmead, Glasgow.
Hood, A. G., Court House St., Pontypriid.
Horne, E., 61 St. George's Rd., Hull.
Hutchins, T. S., 39 Wrexham Rd., Mitchenhall, Salop.
Hough, Mrs., Station House, Awe Junction, Gloucesters.
Howard, A., 2 Peas Hill, Cambridge.
Howard, J. T., Central Tel. Office, E.C.
Howis, H. E., 13 Mersea Rd., Colchester.
Hudson, Mrs., A. Slaney St., Ennisceortly.
Hughes, Miss H. K., 91 May St., Basingstoke.
Hume, M., Fairfield House, Bury.
Hutchinson, T., 169 Malcolm St., Heaton, Newcastle.
- Ind. H. Goods Dept., Leek, N.S.R.
Indart, Pierre, 18 Jermond Rd., Newcastle.
Ingram, J. E., 29 McLellan Drive, Kilmarnock, N.B.
Irvine, W. J., Sydney Rd., Muswell Hill, N.
Irving, G., 181 Woodrood Rd., Nottingham.
- Jackson, W., 5 Calder Place, Motherwell, N.B.
James, V., Fairleigh School, Weston-super-Mare.
Jamison, A. S., The Dean, Bonnes, N.B.
Jarman, E., 17 Edward St., Aldershot.
Jenkins, W. J., Trull, near Taunton.
Johnson, C. E., School House, Croft, Wainfleet.
Johnson, Mrs. H., 1 Thorpe Lea Rd., Peterborough.
Johnson, J. M., 31 Ball Haro St., Leek.
Johnson, L., 3 Sedgley Rd., Wolverhampton.
Johnston, Mrs. W., Margate, Bournemouth Rd., Belfast.
Jones, A., 3 Upper Vernon Rd., Sutton.
- Jones, C. M., 55 Woodbine Grove, Penge.
Jones, D., Britannia Terr., Penarth, Glam., S.W.
Jones, Gordon, Holly Bank, Littleton, Chester.
Jones, H. T., 14 Tyne Rd., Bristol.
Jones, J. S., 69 Grove Park, Camberwell, S.E.
Jones, Miss E., 5 East Rd., Longsight, M'ter.
Jones, W., 22 Waukeid Pl. Ave., Manor Park, E.
Jones, W. R., Magistrates' Clerks' Offices, C'way.
- Kaye, Mrs. A. M., 13 North Rd., Brighton.
Kearney, J. S., 35 Cranford St., Polmadie, Glasgow.
Kee, Wm. W., 13 Brisbane St., Greenock.
Kellard, J., 31 Red Lion St., Holtorn.
Kelle, May, 73 Duncannon Rd., Kilmarnock, N.B.
Kelly, E. L., Station Rd., Colwyn Bay.
Kelsey, Mrs., 15 Winchester Ave., Leicester.
Kendall, W. L., Station Rd., Arundel.
Kent, P., 14 Park Ave., Palmer's Green, N.
Kershaw, Miss L., 210 Longsight, near Oldham.
Kidd, Wm., Hayes, Station Rd., W. Byfleet.
Kimber, T., 16 Dunraven Ave., Salford, Horky.
King, 22 York Rd., Bath Bridge, Bristol.
Kirk, Jas., Schoolhouse, Essie, Megie, N.B.
Knight, G., 155 Winston Rd., Stoke Newington, N.
Kutner, H., 386 Byers Rd., Glasgow.
Kyle, Alex., The Cedars, Rickmansworth.
- Lacy, F. W., 32 Pendre Rd., Brockley, S.E.
Laker, F. S., North St., Worthing.
Lambert, C. W., 24 Furlong Rd., Highbury, N.
Lancaster, C., 55 Vesta Rd., Brockley, S.E.
Langley, Mrs. G., 96 Valley Rd., Streatham, S.W.
Langlois, Minnie, Roseville Villas, Gurnsey.
Latham, Jane, Upperwood, Mallock, Bath.
Latty, E. W., 117 Westwood Rd., Seven Kings.
Lawrence, Miss E. M., 47 Park Rd., Belfast.
Lawrence, Miss M., 123 Munster Rd., Fulham, S.W.
Lawrence, R., Gt. Burstead, Billerica.
Lawrie, Jun., 20 Braid Avenue, Edinburgh.
Laycock, C., 12 Brooklyn St., Ball Lane, Armley.
Lee, E. W., 63 Byron Rd., Copnor, Portsmouth.
Leslie, G. C., 36 Railway Rd., Chorley.
Lewis, Major O., 34 Dawson St., Dublin.
Lewis, T., 31 Bridge St., Bow, Chester.
Leyland, J., 138 Dalmarock St., Parkhead, Glasgow.
Lester, H., 13 Red Bank Terr., Currock, Carlisle.
Lloyd, H. C., 4 Halsey Rd., Redland, Bristol.
Long, Mrs., 197 Ladywell Rd., Lewisham.
Longe, W. V., Sternfield Rectory, Saxmundham.
Lovecock, W., 20 Cleveland Rd., Southsea, Portsmouth.
Lowe, H., Grove Ar., Chilwell, Notts.
- Lugger, H., 23 Gloucester St., Sheffield.
Lyon, H., 44 Unbridge Rd., Ealing, W.
- McAteer, J. J., 53 Bright St., Townhead, Glasgow.
Macaulay, H., New Cross, Hamilton, N.B.
MacDonald, D., 16 Battelfield Av., Langside, Glasgow.
MacDonald, F. J., 17 Rowena Cres., Battersea.
McCurry, J., 49 Greenbridge Rd., S. Hackney, N.E.
McDougall, H., Queen's Rd., Forest Hill, S.E.
McDonn, J., Dundas St., Boness, N.B.
McIlquham, Miss J., 6 Cambray, Cheltenham.
MacInnes, Mrs., Maybank, Kilmacdon, Renfrewshire.
MacIsaac, S. G., Tulliallan, Rosneath, N.B.
McKenney, J., Earlston, Kirkcubright, N.B.
McLachlan, Mrs., Greenhaugh, Helenburgh, N.B.
Maloe, E., 3 Moray Rd., Finsbury Pk., N.
Mancell, A. W., Moss End, Chingford, Essex.
Manderfield, Thos., Ferry Lane, Stanley, near Wakefield.
Mann, Chas., Cumberland Ho., Staple Hill, Bristol.
Martin, Miss P., 24 Cornhill Rd., Balham, S.W.
Martin, R., Taylor's Bldgs., Victoria Rd., Falmouth, N.B.
Martin (M. A.), W. A., 36 College Green, Dublin.
Marsh, L., 14 Ribblesdale Rd., Streatham, S.W.
Mason, Mrs., 6 High St., New Brompton, N.W.
Massey, Miss L., 73 Altherton Rd., Stoke Newington, N.
Mason, T., 179 St. George's Rd., Hull.
Matheson, A., Mains of Auchedilly Tarns, Aberdeen.
Matini, L., 12 Minford Mans., West Kennington, W.
Matthew, Mrs. S. J., 1 James St., Huncote, Lancs.
Maule, A., Betch, King's Lynn.
Maund, R., 17 De Vere Gdns., Ilford, E.
Meares, Rose, 5 Rothay Gdns., Bedford.
Meates, H., Lansdown Court, E. Cheltenham.
Mercer, B., 64 Aldboro Rd., Ilford.
Millar, J. A., 16 New St., Dorset Sq., N.W.
Mills, W., 5 Thorne St., Reading.
Mills, Dr. J. A., County Asylum, Ferryhill, Durham.
Moffitt, Mrs. W., 71 Dalmeny St., Leith, Edinburgh.
Moore, Mrs., Wake Green, Moseley, Birmingham.
Moore, Mrs., 48 Mason's Av., Wealdstone.
Moore, H. W., 24 Whitworth Rd., South Norwood, S.E.
Moore, S. J., 28 Broadway, Crouch End, N.
Montgomery, Miss O., 53 Watson Cres., Edinburgh.
Morgan, Alice, 3 Jarding Rd., Aston, Birmingham.
Morgan, Miss B., 104 Wellington Rd., Dudley.
Morrice, W., Market Place, Acocks Green, Birmingham.
Morrison, J., Town House, Kirkcaldy, N.B.
Morton, Hans, 8 Albert Tce., Apt. N.B.

(Continued on page 5 of cover.)

All original illustrated paragraphs sent in and accepted during September will be paid for at the rate of five shillings each. Address your envelope to The Page Six Editor, Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

YOU CAN BEGIN TO-DAY.



THE RED YEAR

A Story of the Indian Mutiny.*

By LOUIS TRACY,

Author of "The Final War," "Rain-bow Island," etc., etc.



CHAPTER TEN (continued).

Wherein Fate Plays Tricks with Malcolm.

MR. MAYNE was a good Eastern scholar, but the rays of a small oil lamp were not helpful in a task always difficult to English eyes. He bent his brows over the script, and began to decipher some of the words.

"Malcolm-sahib . . . the Company's 3rd Regiment of Horse . . . heaven-born Princess Roshinara Begum . . . Where in the world did you get this, Winifred, and how did it come into your possession?" he said.

"It was in Mr. Malcolm's turban—the one you brought me to-day from his quarters."

"In his turban? Do you mean that it was hidden there?"

"Yes, something of the kind."

Mayne examined the paper again.

"That is odd," he muttered, after a pause.

"But what does the writing mean? You say it mentions his name and that of the Princess Roshinara. Surely it has some definite significance?"

The Commissioner was so taken up with the effort to give each spidery curve and series of distinguishing dots and vowel marks their proper bearing in the text that he did not catch the note of disdain in his niece's voice.

"I have it now," he said, peering at the document while he held it close to the lamp. "It is a sort of pass. It declares that Mr. Malcolm is a friend of the Begum, and gives him safe conduct if he visits Delhi within three days of the date named here, but I cannot tell when that would be until I consult a native calendar. It is signed by Bahadur Shah, and is altogether a somewhat curious thing to be in Malcolm's possession. Is that all you know of it—merely that it was stuck in a fold of his turban?"

"This accompanied it," said Winifred, with a restraint that might have warned her hearer of the passion it strove to conceal. But Mayne was deaf to Winifred's coldness. If he was startled before, he was positively amazed when she produced the necklace.

He took it, appraised its value silently, and scrutinized the workmanship in the gold links.

"Made in Delhi," he half whispered. "A wonderful thing, probably worth two lakhs of rupees,* or even more. It is old, too. The craftsman who fashioned this clasp is not to be found nowadays. Why, it may have been worn by Nurmahal herself! Each of its fifty pearls could supply a chapter of a romance. And you found it, together with this safe-conduct, in Malcolm's turban?"

"Yes, uncle. Do you think I would speak carelessly of such a precious object? When one has discovered a treasure, it is a trait of human nature to note pretty closely the place where it came to light."

Mayne was yet too much taken up with puzzling side issues to pay heed to Winifred's demerour. He remembered the extraordinary proposal made by Roshinara to Malcolm ere she drove away to Delhi from her father's hunting lodge. Could it be possible that his young friend had met the Princess on other occasions than that which Malcolm laughingly described as the lunging of Nejd and the plunging of his master?

It occurred to him now, with a certain chilling misgiving, that he had himself broken in with a bewildered exclamation when Frank seemed to regard the Princess's offer of employment in her service as worthy of serious thought. There were other aspects of the affair—aspects so sinister that he almost refused to harbour them. Rather to gain time than with any definite motive, he stooped over the pass again, meaning to read it word for word.

"Of course, you have not forgotten, uncle, that Mr. Malcolm took us into his confidence so far as to tell us of the curious letter that reached him after the second battle outside Delhi?" said Winifred. "It saved him at Bithoor when the men from Cawnpore meant to hang him, and, seeing that he had the one article in his possession, it is passing strange that he should have omitted to mention the other—to me."

Then the man knew what it all meant to the girl. He placed his arm around her neck and drew her towards him.

"My poor Winifred," he murmured, "you might at least have been spared such a revelation at this moment!"

His sympathy broke down her pride. She sobbed as though her heart would yield beneath the strain. For a little while there was no sound in the room but Winifred's plaints, while ever and anon the walls shook with the crash of the cannonade and the bursting of shells.

Ahmed Ullah, Moulvie of Fyzabad, had a quick ear for the arrival of the native officer of cavalry from Lucknow.

"Peace be with thee, brother!" said he, after a shrewd glance at the travel-worn and blood-stained man and horse.

"Thou hast ridden far and fast. What news hast thou of the Jihad, and how fares it at Lucknow?"

"With thee be peace!" was the reply. "We fought the Nazarenes yesterday at a place called Chinhut, and sent hundreds of the infidel dogs to the fifth circle of Jehannum. The few who escaped our swords are penned up in the

Residency, and its walls are now crumbling before our guns. By the tomb of Nizam-ud-din, the unbelievers must have fallen ere the present hour."

The Moulvie's wicked eyes sparkled.

"Praise be to Allah and his Prophet for ever!" he cried.

"How came this thing to pass?"

"My regiment took the lead," said the risaldar proudly.

"We had long chafed under the commands of the huzours. At last we rose and made short work of our officers. You see here"—and he touched a rent in his right side—"where one of them tried to stop the thrust that ended him. But I clave him to the chin, the swine-eater, and when Jan Larrence attacked us at Chinhut we chased him over the canal and through the streets."

"Wao, wao! This is good hearing! Wast thou sent by some of the faithful to summon me, brother?"

"To summon thee and all true believers to the green standard. Yet had I one other object in riding to Rai Bareilly. A certain Nazarene, Malcolm by name, an officer of the 3rd Cavalry, was bidden by Jan Larrence to make for Allahabad and seek help. The story runs that the Nazarenes are mustering there for a last stand ere we drive them into the sea. This Malcolm-sahib—"

"Enough!" said the Moulvie fiercely, for his self-love was wounded at learning that the rebel messenger clasped him with the mob. "We have him here. He is in safe keeping when he is in the hands of Ahmed Ullah!"

WHAT HAS ALREADY APPEARED.

THE Indian Mutiny has broken out. Natives of all grades and castes have united with the intention of driving the hated Feringhis (Europeans) from India.

Frank Malcolm has a commission in the 3rd Native Cavalry at the time. His regiment is affected.

Frank, during the turmoil, thinks of the Commissioner of Oudh and his pretty niece, with whom he is in love, alone in an isolated bungalow, right in the track of the rebels. He leaves Meerut and rides to them. On finding that they have fled he follows. When he overtakes them they are surrounded by a turbulent crowd.

The young officer tries bluff, which produces no visible effect on the rebels. Princess Roshinara Begum makes an appearance, however. The Princess, who has met Frank before and is attracted by his personality, urges him to leave Winifred Mayne and her uncle to the mercy of the mob and throw in his lot with her. Her father, Bahadur Shah, is a dethroned king who will reign again if the mutiny succeeds.

Frank temporizes with the royal lady, and the intercession of Nana Sahib saves further trouble. Frank later on receives a note from the Princess which will insure him a safe passage to Delhi. Subsequently through this note his life is saved, and he manages to conduct Winifred and her uncle to the comparative safety of Lucknow. The town is besieged, and to obtain help for the garrison Frank endeavours to ride to Allahabad. Chumru, his bearer, follows him. During his ride rebels capture the young officer.

At Lucknow Winifred, in order to obtain bandages for the wounded, commences to tear a turban that Frank had commandeered from a native. Inside she finds some jewels and Frank's pass from the Princess. Not knowing the turban's history, she is much perturbed.

"What!" exclaimed the newcomer, with a mighty oath. "Are you the saintly Moulvie of Fyzabad?"

"Whom else, then, did you expect to find?"

"You, indeed, O revered one. But not here. My orders were, once I had secured the Nazarene, to send urgently to Fyzabad and bid you hurry to Lucknow with all speed."

"Ha! Sayst thou, friend. Who gave thee this message?"

"One whom thou wilt surely listen to. Yet these things are not for every man to hear. We must speak of them apart."

The Moulvie was appeased. Nay, more, his ambition was fired.

"Come with me into the house. You are in need of food and rest. Come! We can talk while you eat."

He drew nearer, but a woman's voice was raised from behind a screen in one of the rooms.

"Tarry yet a minute, friend. I would learn more of events in Lucknow. Tell us more fully what has taken place there."

"The Begum of Oudh must be obeyed," said Ahmed Ullah, with a warning glance at the other. He was met with a villainous and intriguing look that would have satisfied Machiavelli, but the officer bowed low before the screen.

"I am indeed honoured to be the bearer of good tidings to royal ears," said he. "Doubtless I should have been intrusted with letters for your highness were not the city in some confusion owing to the fighting."

"Who commands our troops?" came the sharp demand.

"At present, your highness, the Nawab of Rampur represents the King of Oudh."

"The Nawab of Rampur. That cannot be tolerated. Ahmed Ullah!"

* Copyright in the United States by Edward J. Clode, New York, 1907.

"I am here," growled the Moulvie, smiling sourly.

"We must depart within the hour. Let my litter be prepared, and send men on horseback to provide relays of carriers every ten miles. Delay not. The matter presses."

There could be no mistaking the agitation of the hidden speaker. That an admitted rival of her father's dynasty should be even the nominal leader of the revolt was not to be endured. The mere suggestion of such a thing was gall and wormwood. None realised better than this arch-priestess of cabal that a predominating influence gained at the outset of a new régime might never be weakened by those who were shut out by circumstances from a share in the control of events. Even the fanatical Moulvie gasped at this intolligence, though his shrewd wit taught him that the risaldar had not exchanged glances with him without good reason.

"Come, then," said he, "and eat. I have much occupation, and it will free thy hands if I see to the hanging of the Feringhi forthwith."

"Nay, that cannot be," was the cool reply as the two entered the building. "I would not have ridden so hard through the night for the mere stringing up of one Nazarene. By the holy Kaaba, we gave dozens of them a speedier death yesterday."

"What other errand hast thou? The matter touches only the Nazarene's attempt to reach Allahabad, I suppose?"

"That is a small thing. Our brothers at Cawnpore may have secured Allahabad and other towns in the Doab long ere to-day. This Frank comes back with me to Lucknow. If I bring him alive I earn a jaghir; if dead, only a few gold mohurs."

"Thy words are strange, brother."

"Not so strange as the need that this Feringhi should live till he reaches Lucknow. He hath in his keeping certain papers that concern the Roshinara Begum of Delhi, and he must be made to confess their whereabouts. So far as that goes, what is the difference between a tree in Rai Bareilly and a tree in Lucknow?"

"True, if the affair presses. Nevertheless, to those who follow me I may have the bestowing of many jaghirs."

"I will follow thee with all haste, O holy one," was the answer, "but a field in a known village is larger than a township in an unknown kingdom. Let me secure this jaghir first, O worthy of honour, and I shall come quickly to thee for the others."

"How came it that the Nawab of Rampur assumed the leadership?" inquired Ahmed Ullah, his mind reverting to the graver topic of the rebellion.

The other scowled sarcastically.

"He is of no account," he muttered. "Was I mistaken in thinking that thou didst not want all my budget opened for a woman? He who gave me a message for thee was the mouliah who dwells near the Imambara. Dost thou not know him? Ghazi-ud-din. He sent me. 'Tell the Moulvie of Fyzabad that he is wanted—he will understand,' said he. And now, when I have eaten, lead me to the Feringhi. Leave him to me. Within two days I shall have more news for thee."

The name of Ghazi-ud-din, a firebrand of the front rank in Lucknow, proved to Ahmed Ullah that his opportunity had come. He gave orders that the wants of the cavalry officer and his horse were to be attended to, while he himself bustled off to prepare for an immediate journey.

When the Begum and the Moulvie departed for Lucknow they were accompanied by nearly the whole of their retinue. Two men were left to assist the risaldar in taking care of the prisoner, and these two vowed by the Prophet that they had never met such a swashbuckler as the stranger, for he used strange oaths that delighted them and told stories of the sacking of Lucknow that made them tingle with envy.

Oddly enough, he was very anxious that the Nazarene's horse should be recovered, and was so pleased when Nejd was caught in a field on the outskirts of the town and brought in during the afternoon that he promised his assistants a handful of gold mohurs apiece—when they reached Lucknow.

Once, ere sunset, he visited the prisoner, and cursed him with a fluency that caused all who heard to own that the warriors of the 7th Cavalry must indeed be fine fellows.

At last, when Frank was led forth and helped into the saddle, his guardian's flow of humorous invective reached heights that pleased the villagers immensely. The Nazarene's hands were tied behind him, and the gallant risaldar, holding the Arab's reins, rode by his side. The Moulvie's men followed, and in this guise the quartette quitted Rai Bareilly for the north.

They were about a mile on their way, and the sun was nearing the horizon, when the native officer bade his escort halt.

"Bones of Mahomet!" he cried, "what am I thinking of? My horse has done fifty miles in twenty-four hours, and the Feringhi's probably more than that. Hath not the Moulvie friends in Rai Bareilly who will lend us a spare pair?"

Ahmed Ullah's retainers hazarded the opinion that their master's presence might be necessary ere friendship stood such a strain.

"Then why not make the Nazarene pay for his journey?" said the risaldar, with grim humour.

He showed skill as a cat-purse in going straight to an inner pocket where Malcolm carried some small store of money. Taking ten gold mohurs, he told the men to hasten back to the village and purchase a couple of strong ponies.

"Nay," said he, when they made to ride off; "you must go afoot, else I may never again see you or the tala. I will bide here till you return. See that you lose no time, but if darkness falls speedily I will await you in the next village."

Not daring to argue with this truculent-looking bravo, the men obeyed. Already it was dusk, and daylight would soon fail. No sooner had they disappeared round the first bend in the road than the risaldar, unfastening Malcolm's bonds the while, said with a strange humility:

"It was easier done than I expected, sahib, but I

* At that time, about £20,000.
† Relig. us war.

* An estate.

guessed that my story about the Nawab of Rampur would send Moulvie and the Begum packing. Now we are free, and we have four horses. Whither shall we go? But if it be north, south, east, or west, let us leave the main road, for messengers may meet the Moulvie, and that would make him suspicious."

"Thy counsel is better than mine, good friend," was Frank's answer. "I am yet dazed with thy success, and my only word is—to Allahabad."

CHAPTER ELEVEN. A Day's Adventure.

THOUGH his arm was stiff and painful, the rough bandaging it had received and the coarse food given him in sufficient quantity at Rai Bareilly had partly restored Malcolm's strength. Nevertheless, he thought his mind was failing when in the dim light of the inner room in which he was confined he saw Chumru standing before him.

His servant's warlike attire was sufficiently bewildering, and the sonorous oburgations with which he was greeted were not calculated to dispel the cloud over his wits, but a whispered sentence gave hope, and hope is a wonderful restorative.

"Pretend not to know me, sahib, and all will be well," said his unexpected ally, and from that instant until they stood together on the Lucknow road Malcolm had guarded tongue and eye in the firm faith that Chumru would save him.

He was not mistaken. The adroit Mohammedan knew better than to trust his sahib and himself too long on the highway.

"They will surely make search for us, huzoor," he said as they headed across country towards a distant ridge thickly coated with trees. "The Begum and Ahmed Ullah met here for a purpose, and their friends will not fail to tell them of the trouble in Lucknow. I have been shaking in my boots all day, for 'tis ill resting in the jungle when tigers are loose, but I knew you could not ride in the sun, and I saw no other way of getting rid of the Moulvie's men than that of sending them back in the dark."

"It seems to me," said Malcolm, with a weak laugh, "that you would not have scrupled to knock both of them on the head if necessary."

"No, sahib; they are my kin. He who wore this uniform was a Brahmin, and that makes all the difference. Brother does not slay brother unless there be a woman in dispute."

"When did you leave the Residency?"

"About nine o'clock last night, sahib."

"Did you see the miss-sahib before you came away?"

"It was she who told me whither you had gone, sahib."

"Ah, she knew, then? Did she say aught—send any message?"

"Only that you would be certain to need my help, sahib."

That puzzled Frank. Winifred, of course, had said nothing of the kind, but Chumru assumed that she understood him, so his misrepresentation was quite honest.

A level path now enabled them to canter, and they reached the first belt of trees ten minutes after the Moulvie's men set out for Rai Bareilly. Luck, which was befriending Chumru that day, must have made possible that burst of speed at the right moment. They were discussing their plans in the gloom of a grove of giant pipals when the clatter of horses hard ridden came from the road they had just quitted.

There could be no doubting the errand that brought a cavalcade thus furiously from the direction of Lucknow. It was so near a thing that for a little while they could not be certain they had escaped unseen. But the riders whirled along towards Rai Bareilly, and in another quarter of an hour the night would be their best guardian.

"That settles it," said Malcolm, in whose veins the blood was now coursing with its normal vitality, though, for the same reason, his right fore-arm ached abominably. "It would be folly to attempt the road again. Let us make for the river. We must find a boat there and get men to take us to Allahabad, either by hire or force."

"How far is it to the river, sahib?"

"About twenty-five miles."

"Praise be to Allah! That is better than seventy, for my feet are weary of that accursed Brahmin's boots." They stumbled on, leading the horses, until the first dark hour made progress impossible. Then, when the evening mists melted and the stars gave a faint light, they resumed the march, for every mile gained now was worth five at dawn, if perchance their hunters thought of making a circular sweep of the country in the neighbourhood of Rai Bareilly.

It was a glorious night. The rain of the preceding day had freshened the air, and towards midnight the moon sailed into the blue arc overhead, so they were able to mount again and travel at a faster pace. Twice they were warned by the barking of dogs of the proximity of small villages. They gave these places a wide berth, since there was no knowing what hap might bring a ryot who had seen them into communication with the Moulvie's followers.

Each hamlet marked the centre of a cultivated area. They could distinguish the jungle from the arable land almost by the animals they disturbed. A grey wolf, skulking through the sparsely wooded waste, would be succeeded by a herd of timid deer. Then a number of pigs, headed by a ten-inch tusker, would scamper out of the border crop, while a pack of jackals, rendering the calm night with their maniac yelping, would start every dog within a mile into a frenzy of hoarse barking. Sometimes a fox slunk across their path. Out of many a tuft they drove a startled hare. In the dense undergrowth hummed and rustled a hidden life of greater mystery.

Where water lodged after the rain there were countless millions of frogs, croaking in harsh chorus, and being ceaselessly hunted by the snakes which the monsoon had driven from their nooks and crannies in the rocks.

On such a night all India seems to be dead as a land,

but tremendously alive as a storehouse of insects, animals, and reptiles. Even the air has its stranger denizens in the guise of huge beetles and vampire-winged flying foxes. And that is why men call it the unchanging East. Civilisation has made but few marks on its far-flung plains. Its peoples are either nomads or dwell in huts of mud and straw, and scratch the earth to grow their crops as their forbears have done since the dawn of history.

When the amber and rose tints of dawn gave distance to the horizon, the fugitives estimated that they had traversed some fifteen miles. Malcolm was ready to drop with fatigue. He was wounded; he had not slept during two nights; he had fought in a lost battle and ridden sixty-five miles, without counting his exertions on the field of Chinhut. Nedji and the horse which brought Chumru from Lucknow were nearly exhausted. Even the hardy Mohammedan was haggard and spent, and his oblique eyes glowed like the red embers of a dying fire.

"Sahib," he said, when they came upon a villager and his wife scraping opium from unripe poppy-heads in a field, "unless we rest and eat we shall find no boat on Ganga to-day."

This was so undeniable that Malcolm did not hesitate to ask the ryot for milk and eggs. The man was civil. Indeed, he thought the Englishman was some important official, and took Chumru for his native deputy. He threw down the scoop, handed to his wife an earthen vessel half full of the milky sap gathered from the plants, and led the "huzoor" at once to his shieling. Here he produced some ghee and chupatties, and half a dozen raw eggs. The feast might not tempt an epicure, but its components were excellent, and Frank was well aware that the ghee was exceedingly nutritious, though nauseating to European taste, being practically rancid butter made from buffalo milk.

There was plenty of fodder for the horses, too, and they showed their good condition by eating freely. The ryot eyed Chumru doubtfully when Malcolm gave him five rupees. Under ordinary conditions the sahib's native assistant would demand the return of the money at the first convenient moment, and, indeed, Chumru himself was in the habit of exacting a stiff commission on his master's disbursements. Frank smiled at the man's embarrassed air.

"The money is thine, friend," said he quietly, "and there is more to be earned if thou art so minded."

"I am but a poor man—" began the ryot.

"Just so. Not every day canst thou obtain good payment for a few hours' work. Now, listen. How far is the Ganges from here?"

"Less than three hours, sahib."

"What, for horses?"

"Not so, sahib. A horse can cover the distance in an hour—if he be not weary."

The peasant could use his eyes, it seemed, but Malcolm passed the phrase without comment.

"We have lost our way," he said. "We want to reach the river and take boat speedily to Allahabad. If one like thyself were willing to ride with us to the nearest village on the bank where boats can be obtained, we would give him ten rupees, and, moreover, let him keep the horse that carried him."

The ryot was delighted with his good fortune.

"Blessed be Kali!" he cried. "I saw five female ghosts with goats' heads in a tree last night, and my wife said it betokened a journey and wealth. Not only can I bring you by the shortest road, huzoor, but my brother has a budgerow moored at the ghât, meaning to carry my castor-oil seeds to Mirzapur. I am not ready for him yet for three weeks or more, and he will ask no better occupation than to drop down stream with you and your camp."

"I have no camp," said Malcolm, "but I pay the same rates for the boat."

"The sahib means that his camp marches by road," put in Chumru severely. "Didst not hear him say that we have mislaid the track?"

The ryot apologised for his stupidity, and Frank recognised that his retainer disapproved very strongly of such strict adherence to the truth. On the plea that they must hasten if the midday heat were to be avoided, they cut short the halt to less than an hour. When they came to tighten the girths again, they found that Chumru's horse had fallen lame. As Nedji, too, was showing signs of stiffness, Malcolm mounted one of the spare animals and led the Arab. Chumru and the ryot bestrode the third horse, and, under the guidance of one who knew every path, they set out for the Ganges.

There are few features of the landscape so complex in their windings as the footpaths of India. Owing to the immense distances between towns—the fertile and densely populated Doab offers no standard of comparison for the remainder of a vast continent—roads were scarce and far between in Mutiny days. The Grand Trunk Road and the rivers Ganges and Jumna were the main arteries of traffic. For the rest, men marched across country, and the narrow ribands of field tracks meandered through ploughed land and jungle, traversed nullah and hill and wood, and intersected each other in a tangle that was wholly inextricable unless one travelled by the compass or by well-known landmarks where such were visible.

The ryot, of course, familiar with each yard of the route, practically followed a straight line. After a steady jog of an hour and a half they saw the silver thread of the Ganges from the crest of a small ridge that ran north and south. The river was then about three miles distant, and they were hurrying down the descent when they came upon an ekka, a little native two-wheeled cart, without springs, and drawn by a diminutive pony. Alone among wheeled conveyances, the ekka can leave the main roads in fairly level country, and this one had evidently brought a zamindar from a riverside village.

The man himself, a portly, full-bearded Mohammedan, was examining a growing crop, and his behaviour, no less than the furtive looks cast at the newcomers by his driver, warned Malcolm that here, for a certainty, the Mutiny was a known thing. The zamindar's face assumed a bronze-green tint when he saw the European officer,

and the sulky-looking native perched behind the shafts of the ekka growled something in the local patois that caused the ryot sitting behind Chumru to squirm uneasily. The other glanced hastily around, as though he hoped to find assistance near, and Chumru muttered to his master:

"Have a care, sahib, else we may hop on to a lined twig."

The boldest course was the best one. Malcolm rode up to the zamindar, who was separated some forty paces from the ekka.

"I come from Lucknow," he said. "What news is there from Fattehpur and Allahabad?"

The man hesitated. He was so completely taken aback by the sight of an armed officer riding towards him in broad daylight—for Malcolm, having lost his own sword, had taken Chumru's—that he was hardly prepared to meet the emergency.

"There is little news," he said at last, and it was not lost on his questioner that the customary phrases of respect were omitted, though he spoke civilly enough.

"Nevertheless, what is it?" demanded Frank. "Has the Mutiny spread thus far, or is it confined to Cawn-pore?"

"I know not what you mean," was the self-contained answer. "In this district we are peaceable people. We look after our crops, even as I am engaged at this moment, and have no concern with what goes on elsewhere."

"A most worthy and honourable sentiment, and I trust it will avail you when we have hanged all these rebels and we come to inquire into the conduct of your village. I want you to accompany me now, and place my orderly and myself on board a boat for Allahabad."

"That is impossible—sahib"—and the word came reluctantly—"there are no boats on the river these days."

"Why not?"

"They are all away, carrying grain and hay."

"What, then, are your crops so forward? This one will not be ready for harvesting ere another month."

"You will not find a budgerow on this side. Perchance they will ferry you across at the village in a small boat, and you will have better accommodation at Fattehpur."

"Are we opposite Fattehpur?"

"Yes—sahib."

All the while the zamindar's eyes were looking furtively from Frank to the lower ground. It was a puzzling situation. The man was not actively hostile, yet his manner betrayed an undercurrent of fear and dislike that could only be accounted for by the downfall of British power in the locality. Thinking Chumru could deal better with his fellow-countryman, Malcolm called him, breaking in on a lively conversation that was going on between his servant and the ekka-wallah.

Chumru, who had told the ryot to dismount, came at once.

"Our friend here says that things are quiet on the river, but there are no boats to be had," explained Malcolm. Chumru grinned, and the zamindar regarded him with troubled eyes.

"Excellent," he said. "We shall go to his house and wait while his servants look for a boat."

This suggestion seemed to please the other man.

"I will go on in front in the ekka," he agreed, "and lead you to my dwelling speedily."

Chumru edged nearer his master while their new acquaintance walked towards the ekka.

"Jump down and tie both when I give the word, sahib," he whispered. "There has been murder done here."

Malcolm understood instantly that his native companion had found the ekka-wallah more communicative. In fact, Chumru had fooled the man by pretending a willingness to slay the Feringhi forthwith, and the sheep-like ryot was now livid with terror at the prospect of witnessing an immediate killing.

When the zamindar was close to the ekka Chumru whipped out one of the Brahmin's cavalry pistols.

"Now, sahib!" he cried. Malcolm drew his sword and sprang down. The zamindar fell on his knees.

"Spare my life, huzoor, and I will tell thee everything," he roared.

Were he not so worn with fatigue, and were not the issues depending on the man's revelations so important, Malcolm could have laughed at this remarkable change of tone. The flabby, well-fed rascal squealed like a pig when the point of the sword touched his skin, and the Englishman was forced to scowl fiercely to hide a smile.

"Speak, sug," he said. "What of Fattehpur and Allahabad, and be sure thou hast spent thy last hour if thou liest."

"Sahib, God knoweth that I can tell thee naught of Allahabad, but the budmashes at Fattehpur have risen, and Tucker-sahib is dead. They killed him, I have heard, after a fight on the roof of the cutcherry."

Malcolm guessed rightly that Mr. Tucker was the judge at that station, but he must not betray ignorance.

"And the others—they who fled? What of them?" he said, knowing that the scenes enacted elsewhere must have had their counterpart at Fattehpur.

"Wow!" The kneeling man flinched as the sword pricked him again. "There are two memst in a house near the ghât. They alone remain of those who crossed. And I saved them, sahib. I swear it, by the Kaaba, I saved them."

"They are young, doubtless, and good-looking?"

A new fear shone in the Mohammedan's eyes, and he did not answer. Frank's gorge rose with a deadly disgust, and it is hard to say that his sword would not have gone home in another instant had not Chumru interfered.

"Kill him not yet, sahib. He may be useful. Bind him and the other slave back to back. Then I shall help you to truss them properly."

(Another instalment next week.)

* A contemptuous use of the word dog.

† Short for memsahibs: ladies.

ROADS CHOKED BY JOKES.

THE practical joker who, by the simple expedient of sending out some scores of bogus orders to tradesmen, succeeded the other day in choking Abbey Street, Permondsey, with carts and drays from one end to the other, copied pretty closely the methods inaugurated nearly a century ago by Theodore Hook.

But the "Great Berners Street Hoax," as it got to be called, was on a far more extended scale. Six weeks were occupied by the confederates—amongst whom was a celebrated actress—in perfecting their plans, and 4,000 letters were sent out.

The result was that on the day mentioned for the delivery of the goods, not Berners Street alone, but practically all Oxford Street was blocked. Various distinguished persons, too, were inveigled to the spot by ingeniously worded epistles, amongst them being the Royal Duke of Gloucester, the Governor of the Bank of England, the chairman of the East India Company, and the Lord Mayor of London, who drove up in his state carriage.

A curious—and less well-known—example of this same kind of hoax was that played upon George Payne, the millionaire landowner and sportsman, who was afterwards rendered famous by his exposure of Lord de Ros. Somebody wrote to a number of brokers, ordering large quantities of tallow in tins to be delivered at his chambers in Bond Street on a certain day.

As this was at the time of the Crimean war, when speculation in this, and other similar stores, was rife, no suspicion was aroused; and on the morning of the date mentioned in the forged orders, while Payne was at breakfast, a greasy document was put into his hands by his housekeeper, coupled with the announcement that "the man had come with the tallow."

Going to the door, he found a cart full of tallow casks standing before it, and, as far as the eye could reach, stretched a string of similar vehicles laden with the same unsavoury compound. "Hang me," he exclaimed later on to a knot of friends whom he found at the Turf Club, "if Bond Street wasn't choked with tallow-carts right up to Oxford Street and down to Piccadilly."

GENTLEMAN: "And remember, James, there are two things I must insist upon—truthfulness and obedience."

Footman: "Yes, sir. And when you tell me to tell the visitors you're out when you're in, which shall it be, sir?"

VANISHED POLAR EXPEDITIONS.

THE news of the safe return of Captain Mikkelsen, of the Arctic exploring ship *Duchess of Bedford*, from his venturesome sledge journey into the hitherto unvisited and ice-covered seas lying north of Alaska, makes welcome reading. Not all lost Arctic explorers have been equally lucky.

Baron Toll, for instance, and his party, who disappeared while sledging off the New Siberian Islands in 1902, have never since been heard of, nor has any trace of them been found from that day to this; and the same remark applies to the three unfortunate members of the Duke of Abruzzi's expedition, who somehow got separated from the rest of the party near Franz Josef's Land in 1900.

Andree's expedition of three has also disappeared utterly, and in all probability for ever, from human ken; and there is, of course, the terrible case of Sir John Franklin and his subordinates, 138 officers and men in all, who perished miserably down to the very last man while trying to march over the ice from their frozen-in ships to the Hudson Bay settlements.

Of the Greely expedition, lost in the ice in 1881, six survivors were almost miraculously found near Cape Sabine in 1884 by the *Thetis*, the rest of the members, nineteen persons in all, having died of cold and starvation. The *Jeannette* expedition fared but little better, the ship being crushed by the ice in 1884 off the New Siberian Islands, and most of her crew lost. While of the Swedish expedition on board the *Ripplé*, which left St. John's in June, 1892, no trace has been found.

Perhaps, however, the most weird disappearance recorded in Polar annals comes from the South Polar regions. In 1828 Captain Robert Johnson, an experienced ice navigator, set sail from New Zealand to try and penetrate the pack southward, and did so. But he never came out again, and the supposition is that he was unable to make his way back, and perished with all his crew, in what is now known as the Ross Sea.

"WHAT you need, my man, is change of scene," said a doctor to a patient.

"Rats," was the response. "I'm a scene shifter."

"It's very puzzling," said a worried-looking woman to one of her neighbours.

"What's that?"

"I can't tell whether Willy is corrupting the parrot, or whether the parrot is corrupting Willy."

COSTLY GIFTS TO WARDERS.

THE anonymous gift of a five-pound note apiece to seven warders doing duty at Pentonville Prison has caused considerable speculation, and some little uneasiness, amongst the authorities.

That the money comes from a prisoner recently liberated, and is intended as a mark of appreciation for kindnesses received, is taken for granted. But the identity of the donor cannot be determined, so that to return the notes is out of the question.

Presents of this kind, it may be mentioned, are nearly always bestowed anonymously; also, they are not nearly of so infrequent occurrence as outsiders might be tempted to think.

There is, for instance, living at this present moment in a North London suburb a prosperous tradesman, who owes his first step to fortune to having been presented with no less a sum than £100 by a certain lady of title who was temporarily under his charge while he was acting as assistant-warder in a metropolitan prison. Nor was he the only one to benefit by her bounty. Three other warders received £50 each, and the prisoner detailed to clean out her cell for her was made happy, on her release, with a like sum.

It is in America, however, the land of "graft," that this system of indirect bribery—for it is nothing else—is carried to its greatest pitch of perfection. Thus, the Lexow Committee elicited the fact that the warders in the Tombs Prison—New York's biggest gaol—looked to "make" from £100 to £300 a year in this manner, and that wealthy malefactors were sometimes "bled" to the tune of tens of thousands of dollars.

True, this was some time back. But that the system still prevails was proved at the Thaw trial, when it transpired that more than £300 had been distributed amongst the custodians of the millionaire murderer, in return for which he had had his cell converted into a bower of roses, was given the best of food and drink, and was granted in addition all sorts of privileges that were sternly denied to less fortunately situated prisoners.

MAGISTRATE (to burglar): "Look here, my man, if you don't mend your ways you are sure to come to grief. What made you take to such a miserable line of business?"

Prisoner: "The business is good enough, only between your honour and the police it has been ruined."

"THE SECRET FEAR."

IN a recent issue of a well-known London publication, a writer deals with the "secret fear" of getting fat which possesses every woman at some period or other of her existence. "None of them escapes," says he. "Be they never so sane, sooner or later the shadow becomes substance, and they succumb. They see a stout woman in the street, and suddenly see themselves getting stout like her. With a shudder, they determine to starve—and do so, until their dresses require to be altered. Such is the feminine fear of getting fat."

How this dread of the "Bogey Embonpoint" preys upon the minds of many women—and not a few men—we all know. But it is amazing that with such a reliable and pleasant and harmless treatment as the Antipon treatment ready to hand so many stout persons should allow the tendency to get fat—the tendency which, in fact, constitutes the disease of obesity—to get a grip upon the constitution. The old-fashioned remedies and treatments for obesity never destroyed that tendency, however much the partial starvation and dangerous mineral drugging they generally entailed may have reduced the weight. A few rational satisfying meals taken, and the fatty excess would show prompt signs of redevelopment. Now, Antipon, without the aid of drugs and without any unpleasant dietary limitations, does most undoubtedly eradicate the distressing tendency to run to fat, whilst at the same time rapidly reducing the excessive avoirdupois. Who'some food without stint is an essential part of the Antipon treatment. For this reason strength and vitality gradually return with every day's treatment. When correct natural proportions are restored the cure may be regarded as absolutely permanent, and the subject is thoroughly healthy, full of energy and life, the skin clear, and the complexion radiant with health.

Antipon possesses great tonic properties, having an especially beneficial effect upon the digestive system. It gives a keen appetite, and promotes digestion and assimilation, so that nutrition is perfect. The blood, enriched by plenty of wholesome, well-digested food, is free from the floating fatty matter which, in cases of obesity, is deposited in the muscular fibre, rendering the limbs and muscles flabby and unshapely. Antipon, so to speak, rebuilds the whole body on lines of beauty and grace, and on the foundation of health and strength. Altogether, the treatment is unique, and hundreds of grateful men and women have given voluntary testimony to its remarkable fat-absorbent and health-restoring virtues. These letters of thanks and praise may be seen by anyone so disposed at the offices of the Antipon Company.

The "secret fear" of getting fat is generally prompted by æsthetic considerations, and the danger to health—and even to life itself, sometimes—is little dreamt of. But the danger is no less real, owing to the excess of fat, which clogs the vital organs, and hinders their free, healthy action. This internal excess of fatty matter is all eliminated by Antipon, and the consequent effect on the general health is supreme. Palpitation of the heart ceases, and breathing becomes easy.

Antipon is a refreshing liquid, containing no trace of any mineral substance. It can be taken at any hour, and never produces any unpleasant after-effects.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by Chemists, Stores, &c.; or in case of difficulty may be obtained (on remitting amount) carriage paid, in private package, direct from the Sole Manufacturers, The Antipon Company, 13 Olmar Street, London, S.E.

GLOWING TESTIMONY.

By an Eminent French Physician.

Absolved from the professional etiquette which obtains in this country, whereby members of the medical faculty are precluded from offering signed testimonials to proprietary remedies, an eminent Paris Physician has voluntarily favoured the Antipon Company with the following gratifying letter:

"I must frankly say that Antipon is the only product that I have ever met with for very quick, very efficacious, and absolutely harmless reduction of obesity; all other things are perfectly useless, and some absolutely dangerous."

"You are at perfect liberty to make whatever use you like of this letter, as I like to do justice to such perfect products."

(Signed) "DR. RICCIARDI."

The "Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News," in its issue of August 31st, says:—

"I must say a good word for the Antipon cure of obesity which I have reason to know has come off satisfactorily in a long-standing case. The advantage of this system is that it asks nothing in the way of sacrifice from the patient. Of irksome dietary restrictions there are none. Thus it is totally opposed to old-time remedies that starved the body into thinness and general debility. Antipon assists digestion and assimilation, and therefore nutrition is normal. There is a steady daily reduction until natural proportions and correct weight are permanently restored. By that time the subject will be so far improved in health and strength as to rival a healthy youth in physical and mental energy and in enjoyment of wholesome outdoor recreations. Being a liquid, agreeably tart and refreshing, Antipon is both pleasant and easy to take."

"The Weekly Dispatch," in its July 28th issue, says:—

Great Cure for Obesity.

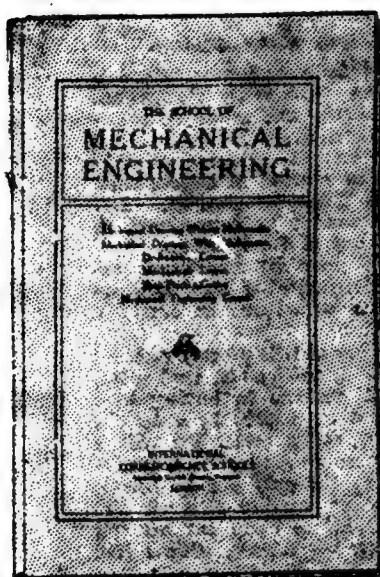
"Excessive fatness is an evil which makes life a misery to countless men and women who have, as they despairingly exclaim, 'tried everything' without avail. But if they have not tried Antipon they have certainly not 'tried everything,' for they have omitted the one remedy which will effect a really permanent cure in every case where the simple and pleasant course is consistently followed. When normal weight and symmetrical proportions are restored the doses cease, as the disheartening tendency 'to put on flesh' is destroyed. Within a day and a night of the first dose there is a reduction of 8oz. to 3lb., and then a daily diminution until complete cure. The tonic effects of Antipon are remarkable. It restores a healthy appetite, and as it requires the assistance of strengthening food in plenty, the effect upon the general health is wonderfully beneficial. A course of Antipon gives back health, vitality, and beauty, however long-standing the obesity may have been. Antipon is purely herbal in composition, refreshing to the palate, and entirely harmless. Briefly put, it is a perfect home treatment for the sure cure of corpulence."

"The Tatler," in its July 10th issue, says:—

Obesity Successfully Treated.

"It cannot be denied that obesity is not only a condition that is far from comfortable, but at the same time real harm may result by allowing this condition to remain. Thousands of stout persons have permanently regained normal weight and natural proportions by means of an admirable scientific treatment, to wit, Antipon, and at the same time have been restored to robust health and splendid vitality. The secret of the success of Antipon is that it has the peculiar power of subduing the tendency to excessive fat development so that normal weight and symmetry are restored."

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by Chemists, Stores, etc.; or, should any difficulty arise, may be had—on sending amount—carriage free, privately packed, direct from the Sole Manufacturers, The Antipon Company, 13 Olmar Street, London, S.E.



FREE.

We will send this book **FREE** to anyone interested in our system of Technical Education by correspondence, and who will cut out the coupon below, and mail it to us. The **BOOK** will be sent to interested parties only—to persons that have the ambition to do something to let their positions.

Our business is to train ambitious men in their spare time for better paying positions in the industrial trades and professions. We train men **FOR** their work. Our instruction has the one definite aim of enabling ambitious people to increase their incomes. We have been successful in training thousands of persons in every walk of life, and we can do the same for you.

So confident are we that we can give you a training that will enable you to advance yourself that we make this offer in order that we may have the opportunity of sending you full particulars of our courses of training. If you are interested, fill in coupon and post it to us to-day.

SECRETARY I.C.S.

60 V, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

I am interested in your System of Technical Training and ambitious to increase my earning power. Please send me, post paid, free of charge, the book shown in the advertisement, and full information how I can qualify for advancement in the trade or profession before which I have marked X.

Mechanical Engineering
Electrical Engineering
Telegraph Engineering
Steam Engineering
Structural Engineering
Machine Drawing
Machine Shop Practice
Dynamic Running
Architectural
Contracting and Building
Heating and Ventilating
Textile Designing
Ornamental Designing
Mining Engineering
Civil Engineering
Surveying and Mapping
Chemistry
Illustrating
Live Wire and Street
Advertising
Navigation
Metal Mining

Name

Address

Occupation

HEADACHE CURED IN 10 MINUTES.

One Kapslin cure in ten minutes the most violent headache or neuralgia. We want to prove this safe and reliable medicine to every sufferer, and in order to do so will send you two sample doses of Kapslin by return post. Write to C. H. Kapslin, Kaplin's Works, Whitefield-Kapslin is sold by Chemists and Store everywhere. Packets of 10 doses, 1/-; Samples 1d.

100,000 BEAUTIFUL RUGS GIVEN AWAY. GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAINS.

LADIES' BEAUTIFUL WOOL CAPES.

Sale Price,

2/11



Postage

2d.

extra.

"Delay not." Write at once for our Ladies' Handsome and artistically manufactured Wool Capes, full size, in a most approved Parisian style, exquisitely finished, trimmed with silk loops and buttons, a most comfortable and desirable article to wear. Being composed of wool, we can guarantee this as the most ever-wearing article, and will give every satisfaction.

These capes, with **FREE RUG**, will be sent out as Sample Carpets, thus showing the identical quality we supply in all sizes. They are made of material equal to wool, and, being a speciality of our own, can only be obtained direct from our looms, thus saving the purchaser all middle profits. Over 400,000 sold during the past 12 months. Money willingly returned if not approved. Thousands of repeat orders and Unalloyed Testimonials received. With every Carpet we shall **ABSOLUTELY GIVE AWAY** a very handsome Rug to match, or we will send Two Carpets and Two Rugs for 10/6. Illustrated **BARGAIN CATALOGUE** of Carpets, Hearthrugs, Covermats, Bedsteads, Bedding, Table Linens, Curtains, etc., **POST FREE** if mentioning "Pearson's Weekly," Sept. 26th, 1907, when writing.

N.B.—Foreign orders executed, packed free, and shipped at lowest rates.

Telegraphic Address: "ECLIPSE, LEEDS." Cheques and P.O.'s payable to

F. HODGSON & SONS (Dept. P.W.), Manufacturers, Importers, & Merchants, **WOODSLEY RD., LEEDS.**

Why be a Victim to Indigestion?

¶ Much of the discomfort in life is due to the Stomach. This will be admitted without argument. A great many apparently different Complaints arise from one common origin—a Weak Stomach. Brought about by one cause, it is only natural that they should be cured by one Remedy. **Gur's Tonic** cures every symptom and ailment arising from Indigestion by removing the cause.

¶ **Gur's Tonic** strengthens a Weak Stomach and ensures the easy and complete Digestion of Food. **Gur's Tonic** thus prevents Flatulence or Wind, Heartburn, Nausea, Pain after Eating, Headache, Giddiness, and Constipation—all certain signs of inefficient Digestion.

¶ With perfect Digestion assured by the aid of **Gur's Tonic**, the body is better nourished—Strength is regained, Weakness and Debility are overcome, the Nervous System is recuperated, the Spirits get Brighter, and the whole outlook of Life becomes more Cheerful.

Guy's Tonic is the Unfailing Remedy.

Mr. Joseph Sootney, of Nassington, Wansford, Northants, writes:

"Little more than two years since I was very ill, having suffered for a very long time from Indigestion. No matter what I took for it, I got little or no relief, until one day I happened to read a paper in which I saw published a letter written by a lady, stating her case, and how she had got no relief until **Gur's Tonic** was tried, and the marvellous effect the first dose had. I at once made up my mind to try **Gur's Tonic**. I got a small bottle, and am thankful to say the first dose I took had as good an effect in my case, for I at once felt great relief. By the time I had taken one small bottle I could eat and enjoy my food, and not feel any ill effects after.

"From that time to the present I have kept **Gur's Tonic** by me, and whenever I feel any symptoms of the complaint I take a dose or two, and find it soon puts me right again. I therefore highly recommend **Gur's Tonic** to all who suffer from Indigestion."

Guy's Tonic is a great boon to Dyspeptics—to the Weak and Debilitated it is "new life." **Guy's Tonic** is sold by Chemists and Stores throughout the World at 1/1½ and 2/9 per Bottle.

Quaker Oats

ECONOMICAL—NOURISHING—DELICIOUS

BETTER THAN COD LIVER OIL.

Real Devonshire Cream (coloured); absolutely pure; no preservatives used; the most efficacious substitute for cod liver oil, invaluable for children and invalids. (Jb. 1/4; Jb. 2/4; Jb. 4/4; free; supplied consistently to the Countess of Devon, Pembroke, Salton, Dundonald, Gullford, Lichfield, &c., by Mrs. Conyers, Bridestow, E.O., Devonshire.



HAVE YOU A COLD? DR. MACKENZIE'S SMELLING-BOTTLE
Immediately Cures COLD IN THE HEAD, INFLUENZA, NERVOUS HEADACHE, or RHEUMATISM. Instantly relieves Neuralgia in the Head, Pain in the Throat, Hoarseness, and all other ailments of the Throat and Lungs. Sold by all Chemists and Stores. Price One Shilling, or Two free if sent from **MACKENZIE'S CARE DEPOT, Reading, N.B.**—Beware of cheap imitations.

This Phenomenal Offer is made to the readers of **PEARSON'S WEEKLY**, Sept. 26th 1907. On receipt of P.O. we will forward, direct from our looms 5/6 to your address, one of our

REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN HALF-GUINEA



Suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered in thirty Turkey patterns and fashionable self-shades of Crimson, Green, Blue, and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements, and large enough to cover any ordinary-sized room.

Settable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered in thirty Turkey patterns and fashionable self-shades of Crimson, Green, Blue, and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements, and large enough to cover any ordinary-sized room.

Settable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered in thirty Turkey patterns and fashionable self-shades of Crimson, Green, Blue, and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements, and large enough to cover any ordinary-sized room.

A Few Hours spent

in your spare time, under our system, means increasing your income. We prove it. Send a postcard to-day for our **FREE** book, "How to Become an Electrical Engineer." It tells you how we train you by **POST** to enter the paying profession of Electrical Engineering and its branches. Send now for the **FREE** book to Elec. Eng. Institute of Correspondence Instruction, 464 Norwich House, Southampton St., Holborn, London.

REMEMBER, there is no Coffee as good as

Symington's Coffee Essence

Without question the purest, the cheapest, and the best money can buy.

Old False Teeth Bought

Highest Cash Price (or Offer) by return for every description of false teeth, in any quantity. We are the Largest and Oldest Buyers in the World. Established 1840. Bankers' References—Capital & Counties, Ipswich Branch.

R. D. & J. B. FRASER, Ltd.
DESK 108, PRINCES STREET, IPSWICH.

1st CARD OF BLAKEY'S BOOT PROTECTORS SAVES A SOVEREIGN. INSIST UPON HAVING GENUINE 'BLAKEY'S' DON'T BE GULLED.

Eiffel Tower MILK PUDDING

A 1d. packet makes a delicious milk pudding in ten minutes. Try it. You will be delighted.

"PRESIDENT" HEELS

The silent, resilient tread, the exhilarating freedom enjoyed by those who have once tried "President" Heels, ensure their continued use by men and women alike. When wearing "President" Heels one experiences a delightful sensation similar to that of walking across a well-kept lawn. Walking is a pleasure and distance never tires. More than this, "Presidents" outwear four ordinary leather heels, and by keeping the shoes level retain the smart, perfect shape that characterises your footwear when it first left your shoemaker's hands. Wear "Presidents" once you wear them always. Ladies' 2/- per pair; Men's 1/4. Of all bootmakers. If unsatisfactory write direct for sample pair—Ladies' 1/1; Men's 1/2; post free. Enclose outline of foot. Mention this paper. **PRINCE'S PATENT Ltd. (Dept. 27), 142-6 Old St., London, E.C.**

TIRED MEN

When you are tired of taking mysterious prescriptions and weary of wearing Electric Belts, write to me and I will send you a Book which shows how every man, young and old, may be quickly and thoroughly cured of NERVOUSNESS, EXHAUSTION, VARICOCELE, and all other ailments of the system, WITHOUT STOMACH MEDICINE or ELECTRICITY. Hundreds of cures. Book sent sealed, post free, for Two Stamps. Mention this paper. **A. J. LEIGH, 92 and 93 Great Russell St., LONDON, W.C.** Over 20 years' successful results.

IN 5 WEEKS GAINED 2 lbs. 2 ozs.
Station Road, Shipston-on-Stour, Sept. 25, 1906. "My little grandson had such a bad digestion that no food would stay on his stomach. He could digest Scott's Emulsion, however, and in 5 weeks he gained 2 lb. 2 oz. It would be hard to find a healthier child for his age (10 months)." F. SUMNER.

TWO REASONS WHY HE DIGESTED SCOTT'S:
1. The chemical purity of its ingredients, the whole of which are invariably the best procurable.
2. The perfected Scott's process of manufacture which makes them into a beautiful cream, wholesome and delicious in all weathers.

3. In pregnancy and childbirth, after long suckling, for bowel trouble during teething, for rickets, for wasting, or in convalescence after illness.

SCOTT'S EMULSION gives quick relief, and certain strength. If you want the Scott's results, don't be persuaded to have something else! Write to Scott & Bowne, Ltd., 10-11 Stonecutler Street, London, E.C., for free sample bottle. Enclose 3d. for postage.

GUERIN'S LIFE STORY.

TOLD BY HIMSELF.



Edde Guerin has told how he was arrested because of his presumed complicity with a man nicknamed "Dutch Gus" in burgling the American Express Office at Paris. He was conveyed on a convict ship to St. Joseph's Island, one of the Devil's Isles.

Treated Like Beasts of Burden.

On St. Joseph's I was employed on road-making and in scavenging work. The monotony, after the first few days, was something awful. Out to work at five on an empty stomach, back to our shed at ten to a meal of black bread and tough, tuberculous Venezuelan beef, washed down by muddy water; a brief siesta in a stifling, vermin-infested compound; then driven out again to our toil like so many beasts of burden.

At sunset, a meal of cabbage soup and what black bread we chanced to have remaining over from "dejeuner." Then to bed, in a big dormitory, herded—twenty of us—with Chinese, Arabs, and "niggers." There were things done in these dormitories, in the dank blackness of the hot tropic night, that may not be written of, and that hardly bear thinking about.

From the very beginning I made up my mind to escape—or die in the attempt. But not from the islands. The risk of recapture was too great, and if recaptured, I should, as a lifer, have to wear chains. No; I must make up my mind to wait until such time as the overcrowded state of the islands, due to the influx of fresh batches of convicts from France, compelled my transference to the mainland.

With this end in view, I saved up every sou I could get hold of, starving meanwhile on the poisonous prison fare. I had to exercise no little self-control to do this, for I was often ill in body and always ill in mind. Only the idea of ultimate freedom buoyed me up.

Others were not so patient. One, a Frenchman named Lupi, improvised a boat out of a coffin that had been made on the islands for a warder who had died, and in this strange craft tried to reach the seashore opposite. But it overturned, and the sharks ate him. Three others were sealed up in barrels, at their own request, and committed to the waves, what time the currents set with the tide in the direction of the mainland.

Marvellous to relate, all the barrels did actually wash ashore on the beach opposite the islands; but in only one was a living man; and he was promptly pounced upon by the guards, and ferried across again in chains. The other two were found dead on arrival, half-suffocated and half-drowned by the water that had washed and leaked through the air-holes in the tops of the barrels.

Perhaps, but for these and other similar examples before me, I should have tried to escape sooner than I did, in which case this story would never have been written, for failure would have been practically certain to have attended my efforts. But I was not going to wager my life—for that was what it amounted to—against a certainty. So I waited—and waited.

The Long-Planned Escape.

At last came the long-looked-for day when I left my island prison for the mainland. My only fear had been that I should be deported up country to one of the log-cutting camps. But no; I was a tailor, and therefore, in the eyes of the officials, a "useful" man. So I was sent to a sub-prison a little way up the Maroni River, and there set to work making uniforms for the warders.

I continued at this for nearly another year before my chance came. Then one night a sleepy warder and a river fog combined to afford it, and I dashed for the forest and freedom. With me were two other *forçats*, Frenchmen and good fellows, who had long planned their escape and had been saving up their money as had I.

We had between us nearly 400 francs, say, £16 English money. Not much for a journey such as lay before us; but it was all we could muster, so we had to make the best of it. I ought to have added, however, that we had previously bought from a half-caste an old dugout canoe, also some biscuits and tinned beef, and these were hidden in a convenient creek.

Our idea was to paddle in the darkness down the Maroni River, which forms the boundary line between French and Dutch Guiana, then stand out to sea for twenty miles or so, and afterwards head west along the Dutch coast until we reached British Guiana, where we were to land and separate. This would mean a river and a sea voyage of some 300 miles altogether. Risky work; but I was convinced that it could be done.

Meanwhile, there we were, crouching like animals amongst the swampy undergrowth, waiting for darkness. It came at length, and when all was still, and the last light flickered out in the officers' quarters,

scarce a mile distant, we launched our frail craft and began our journey.

We paddled hard all night and made good progress, for, of course, the current was with us. But with the first streak of dawn we had to stop and pull in and hide in the swamp again. I think that this was the worst

part of the whole business—waiting all day long in the forest.

We dozed, of course, some part of the time, but got little real rest, for the mosquitoes and sand-flies gave us no peace. We ate two spare meals of beef and biscuit, washed down by the yellow, evil-smelling river water. The second and principal one of these we took at sunset, so as to give us strength for the night's paddling.

On again in the inky blackness. The river began to widen out now, and was salt, so we knew we were approaching the sea. We rowed until four in the morning, and then drew in again to the bank and hid all day as before. About five in the evening, just as we were preparing to resume our journey, we got a rare fright. In the opening where we were camped a naked bush negro suddenly put in an appearance.

For the Sake of Blood Money.

He was dazed at the unexpected meeting, so we all three sprang at him, downed him, and had him gagged and bound before he had time to let out even a single squeal. Then came the question of how to deal with him. We knew that if we let him loose he would at once give the alarm, for the sake of the 30 francs "blood-money" he would receive on our recapture. So we dared not unbind him. On the other hand, to leave him there in the swamp, trussed and helpless, would be little short of murder.

In the end we took him with us, and set him ashore on a low, swampy island in the mouth of the river, after having ungagged him. We left him there, shouting for all he was worth. Meanwhile, we headed straight out to sea, and as soon as we were out of sight of land we stripped off our shirts and sewed them together for a sail. This we fastened to a paddle, set upright like a mast and lashed at the bottom to one of the seats. Then we changed our course, and ran before the wind to the westward.

For two days and nights we continued thus. Our sufferings were very great. By day the sun burned and blistered our bare backs and chests; by night the cold ate into our very bones. The water we had on board was little, and smelt badly at that, but we had to husband it carefully, so that thirst was added to our other discomforts. We ceased to talk, and sat sullenly eyeing the sharks that followed our frail canoe, each of us wondering to himself whether he was destined to make a meal for the monsters.

As a matter of fact, one of us was so destined. His name was Henri, a fine, lithe, well-built young fellow. From the first, however, he had complained of the glare of the sun affecting his eyes, and early on the morning of the third day he went quite blind.

We tried to comfort him, telling him it was only temporary; but he grew more and more despondent, and about noon he suddenly leapt to his feet, and either stumbled or threw himself overboard.

It was all finished in a moment. There was a splash, a shriek, a sudden swirling rush of the black-backed, white-bellied monsters that had been following us so persistently, then another shriek, louder by far than the first, a snapping of steel jaws, and after that, silence.

We hauled down our "sail" and paddled back to the scene of the tragedy, but all that was left of our unhappy comrade was a circular patch of blood-reddened scum on the surface of the sea. Obviously we could do nothing; besides, our canoe was half-full of water that had flowed in when he fell overboard, and our biscuit was soaked and spoiled. We must look to ourselves, that was plain, if we wanted to escape a like fate.

A Leak, and Sharks all Round.

So, with heavy hearts, we changed our course once more, and made for the land. It was lucky we did so, for we found that we had sprung a leak, and only by baling incessantly were we able to keep afloat. Meanwhile, our accompanying flotilla of sharks drew in closer.

We baulked them, however, for by nightfall we made out the coast-line ahead of us, and about midnight, as near as I could guess, we ran ashore on a sandy spit with thick jungle all round. The district seemed quite uninhabited, so we chanced it and built a fire, and made coffee with some water we found in a pool a little way inland.

In the morning we set to work with our knives to try and repair our boat, but only made it worse. So in the end we decided to abandon her, and attempt to reach British Guiana by marching along the sea coast.

The swampy, difficult nature of the foreshore, how-

ever, and the wide, muddy creeks and river mouths we had constantly to negotiate, faced us by degrees further and further inland.

Into the forest—the terrible forest primeval.

Never to my dying day shall I forget that awful journey.

How we survived it is a mystery even now. Our beef was putrid, and after the third day's march we had to throw away what remained of it. It rained almost incessantly, yet the climate was exceedingly warm, resembling that in the palm-house at Kew Gardens.

Tormented by Insects, Worried by Snakes.

We were tormented so fearfully by insects, that after a while the bites all ran together, like confluent small-pox, so that our bodies were one huge wound. Sleep was out of the question, which was perhaps as well for us, seeing that the undergrowth swarmed with wild beasts—jaguars, tigers, tiger-cats, crab-dogs, bush-hogs, and the savage bush-bull, that invariably charges on sight, and is more dreaded by the natives than any other denizen of these hideous wilds.

Snakes, too, swarmed everywhere, and every moment of the day we were in imminent danger of being bitten. A favourite place of refuge for the most venomous of these loathsome creatures was, we discovered, the deserted Indian houses—or "ben abbs" as they call them—which we not infrequently came across. In one we entered we killed eleven, all poisonous, and then had to beat a hasty retreat, as scores more, alarmed by the racket we made, came crawling out of the thatch.

These houses, I should explain, are really only "houses" by courtesy, being of very simple construction, just four upright posts, a thatch of leaves, and walls of boughs and wattle; no nail or wooden pin is used. Instead, they are held together by "nibbies," or bush ropes. A shelter of this kind is run up in a few hours, and is abandoned, as a rule, after being inhabited for a week or two.

We journeyed westward through the forest for six days, setting our course by the sun as near as we could, and at the end of that time we found our further progress barred by a broad, deep river. This I took to be the Surinam, but I was wrong, for it turned out to be the Cottica.

We had hardly camped on the bank, and were just in the act of preparing our dinner of berries and grilled snake, when a canoe hove in sight, propelled by two negroes, huge fellows and quite nude. As soon as they caught sight of us they stopped paddling, and, although we shouted and made signs that we wished to be friendly, they would not come any nearer, but after a brief consultation turned the prow of their craft up-stream and paddled back whence they came.

Rightly judging that they would presently return, however, we decided to remain where we were. And, sure enough, in about an hour, back they came accompanied by about a dozen other canoes, in each of which were three or four other gigantic blacks. We noted they bore straight down for our camp without any parleying or hesitation, and as they came nearer we saw that they carried arms, bows and arrows, rusty cutlasses, and two or three old smooth-bore muskets.

(To be concluded next week.)

ANCIENT AND MODERN.

In one of our ancient towns which has recently been the scene of a pageant, a party of Americans was being conducted over the admirable abbey.

The age of this part and that were pointed out by a learned attendant, and, at length: "That arch," says he, "may possibly go back to Elfrida and Edward."

"Don't you like it?" said a guest promptly.

The attendant explained that he did not understand. "Don't it suit you? Why are you sending it back, anyway?"

"When I was coming home last night," said Miss Outlate, "I saw a man skulking along in the shadows. Oh, how I ran!"

"An' couldn't you catch him?" inquired her little brother, innocently.

STRETCHING A POINT.

Miss MILLIE BROWNE, who was by far the prettiest girl in the village, was blessed with a father who resolutely snubbed all young men who came to see her. One evening Charles Newton, a bashful young man, called. Mr. Browne and old Mr. Newton were close friends, but the boy had grown so rapidly that the old gentleman did not recognise the visitor.

"It looks as if it might rain," the young fellow ventured timidly.

"Taint goin' to rain," was the gruff response.

For about a quarter of an hour they sat in silence. Finally, the old man's curiosity got the better of him.

"Who are you?" he growled.

"Charles Newton, sir."

"What! Not old Tom Newton's son?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, well," said Mr. Browne more kindly, "it may rain. It may rain."

**DRAMATIC
SERIAL STORY.**

 By **SIDNEY WARWICK,**

Author of "Shadows of London," "The Knave of Diamonds," "In Name Only," etc., etc.

**CHAPTER THIRTY-EIGHT.
The Dreaded Hour.**

"Very glad you have changed your mind," said Dennis Garth, a little mystified at this rapid volte-face on Duchesne's part.

The two men got into the car.

"I think you said Mr. Ferrol is married?" inquired Duchesne, as they glided along the Strand towards the City.

"Yes; he married comparatively recently—his second wife, by the way."

"And a young wife, of course?" was Duchesne's smiling inquiry. "I say young, of course, because when elderly gentlemen marry for the second time the lady in question is nearly always young."

"I believe Mrs. Ferrol is considerably younger than her husband," said Dennis rather curtly.

He could not have said why, but there was something in Duchesne's unexpected change of manner, in these questions, that vaguely irritated him.

They drove to Mr. Ferrol's office, where John Ferrol shook hands with Duchesne, emerging from a veritable snowdrift of papers to do so. A morning at his office always flattered his sense of self-importance, and he looked immensely cheerful. If, as it struck Dennis, the countenance of his manager appeared to be sicklied o'er by the pale cast of thought and reflected little of his chief's cheerfulness, it was doubtless due to the fact that in the short space of an hour Mr. Ferrol had contrived to provide overtime work for the whole of the staff for three days to come.

"Well, I've just about done," John Ferrol said. "Glad to see you, Mr. Duchesne; so, I am sure, my wife will be. Think I've got things fairly straight now, eh, Town?" to the manager, who assented gloomily.

Then the three men drove to Sloane Street.

In the hall Mr. Ferrol spoke to a manservant.

"Has your mistress returned yet?"

"No, sir."

"Did she say if she would be at-home for lunch?"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Ferrol took his guests into the drawing-room.

"It will be a pleasant surprise to my wife," he remarked. "She had gone out before I telephoned this morning that I was bringing two friends back with me."

It was not difficult to see, by his constant references to Zoe Ferrol, how much wrapped up in his young wife John Ferrol was—or to imagine how terrible the shock to him any disillusionising revelation concerning her would be.

"Oh, that is a portrait of my wife, Mr. Duchesne," he added—for the Canadian had crossed the room to look intently at a large photograph of a beautiful woman, that occupied a prominent position on one of the walls.

Duchesne did not speak. He stood looking at the portrait; his face was turned away from the other two men in the room, or they might have been surprised at the expression that had swept it at the sight of that beautiful woman's portrait.

Armand Duchesne's face was hard and pitiless at that moment; his eyes were lit by an inward upleaping fire of bitter jealous wrath and resentment, the more dangerous because of the hot blood of the nationality from which he sprang, as he thought of the woman he had once loved so passionately, who had betrayed his faith, had wronged him beyond reparation.

His back was turned to the door; he had only eyes for the picture just then. He did not see the door open, did not see the woman who for a moment stood on the threshold.

John Ferrol and Dennis, talking, had their backs to the door, too.

The eyes of the woman on the threshold swept the room; the change that leapt instantly into her face was appalling, as Zoe Ferrol—Joy Duchesne—saw her husband, and knew that at last her Louise of cards was falling.

The ground was mined beneath her feet. Here in the house of the man whom she had duped by a marriage that was no marriage was Armand Duchesne, her real husband, the man she had injured—the man who, she knew by his look when she came face to face with him in that street in Earl's Court weeks ago, would be pitiless.

White and trembling all over, and incapable of thought or plan, she retained her presence of mind sufficiently to close the door quickly. So far none of the three men in the room had seen her.

What was she to do? How to escape, with only a shut door between her and the inevitable discovery of her guilty secret? The house of lies she had built was tottering about her.

John Ferrol had not seen the door of the room open, but at the faint click he turned quickly.

"Ah, I think my wife must have come home at last."

He strode to the door and threw it open, to find the terror-stricken woman just outside.

"Ah, Zoe, my dear, you were just coming in when you heard voices, eh? It's Mr. Garth and Mr. Armand Duchesne whom I've brought back to lunch," he cried, smiling, never suspecting—how should he?—the mine that he was exploding. "Come in, my dear."

Her last hope of escape gone! Nothing could save her now.

**CHAPTER THIRTY-NINE.
The Guilty Woman.**

Nothing could save her now! As John Ferrol threw open the door, revealing to the other two men in the room the figure of the woman trapped on the very threshold of

flight, Zoe Ferrol's one desperate, up-sweeping glance met Armand Duchesne's eyes bent intently on her face. And John Ferrol, the unconscious engineer of the *dénouement*, stood smiling fustily, suspecting nothing wrong—laughing!

He cried: "Ah, Mr. Duchesne, I want to present you to my wife, whom I think you have not met."

Pride and affection mingled in his voice. He was intensely proud of his young, beautiful wife.

Zoe Ferrol made a faltering step across the threshold into the room. With her last outlet of escape closed, it was useless to fight against the inevitable; the woman who had walked into the trap circumstances had laid for her recognised that. Her house of lies was crumbling, and its fall would crush her in the dust of its ruin. Nothing could save her now.

Of those present the only person entirely blind to the silent drama being played under his eyes was John Ferrol. He was not looking at his wife; his face was turned towards Duchesne, as he introduced him, with a fussy, complacent smile than which no contrast could have been greater than the deathly white face, colourless to the very lips, of Zoe Ferrol. Dennis Garth was startled by the change manifest in her. Lines stood revealed in her face of which there had been no trace when he saw her last; she seemed suddenly a woman stricken prematurely old. The remembrance flashed back on Dennis of the emotion Mrs. Ferrol had manifested on hearing of Duchesne's accident; what was the emotion that now at the sight of this man paralysed her?

"No, I have not had the pleasure of meeting your wife," Duchesne said. He was smiling as he advanced towards her.

Mrs. Ferrol stood for an instant motionless, speechless; her arms seemed to hang helplessly at her side; then with a supreme, desperate effort she pulled herself together, acknowledging his bow, but not extending her hand.

"I hope you are quite well again after your accident, Mr. Duchesne?" she said.

She had courage—an indomitable resoluteness that reasserted itself now. Not a tremor in her voice as she spoke the conventional words; the hunted look in her eyes, defiant as they yet were, alone betrayed a hint of the torture of suspense that consumed her now when Fate's hour had overtaken her at last, and she saw her house of cards falling. It only hung upon Armand Duchesne's next words to strip her guilt bare, and all that her sin had brought for her, wealth, position, devoted affection—all would go at a breath like that blown down in the wind.

"Wonderfully better, thank you, Mrs. Ferrol," murmured Duchesne.

There was a charming, deferential courtesy in his manner, and the woman, nerved to face the worst, drew a little sharp breath—manner and words alike were so unexpected. It was as one who receives a caress when expecting a blow. Could it be that he meant to spare her, after all?—this man whom she had sinned against beyond any possibility of forgiveness, this man who was still her legal husband.

"Uncommonly lucky man you ought to consider yourself," said Mr. Ferrol—"to have passed through two such narrow escapes, first by water and then by land, and still to be alive to tell the tale!"

Duchesne laughed indifferently.

"Oh, I suppose a man can't die before his destined hour—or whilst the Grey Sisters have any task left for him to perform," he said.

His eyes seemed to wander past John Ferrol to follow the tall, graceful woman who was shaking hands with Dennis. For a moment it would have seemed as though in her stress of mind Mrs. Ferrol had overlooked the fact of his presence; then spasmodically she recalled herself to her duty as hostess. She was wondering how she found the power to keep up the mask of self-control at all.

"Ah, lunch at last!" Mr. Ferrol said, as the gong in the hall sounded. "Nothing like a hard morning in the City for giving a man an appetite!"

Duchesne walked by his hostess's side into the dining-room. He talked lightly and easily, as a well-bred man of the world might talk to a charming woman whose acquaintance he has just made. No hint of constraint showed in his manner, no sign that he had ever met her before. Even when he talked in a low voice that was inaudible to John Ferrol or Garth following them, still no reference, actual or implied, to the fact of their previous relationship. To the tortured woman it was like some horrible dream; it was all unreal as a dream. Armand Duchesne's attitude frightened her even more than any accusing words could have done. What did this unnatural silence mean?

Zoe Ferrol felt an almost insane desire to scream; she had to clench her finger-nails into the palms of her hands to fight off the hysterical impulse. Surely it could not be that his accident had in some way injured his brain, erasing from it all memory of the part she had played in his life? The wild thought crossed her mind, to be rejected instantly. He knew her, and he had some motive for his inexplicable silence—not a motive of mercy.

She knew so well the passionate, jealous nature of the man who had once loved her so devotedly; the truth told in a fierce, blazing outburst that would wither as by flame in a moment all John Ferrol's love and trust—that the guilty woman had expected when she found herself face to face with Armand Duchesne, but not this polished, smiling suavity that baffled her.

Throughout luncheon Duchesne kept the ball of conversation rolling. Dennis, remembering how his acquaintance had at first declined the invitation on the ground that his depressed mood would make him poor company, was surprised; the man talked so easily and well, listening when his words compelled an answer from his hostess with an appearance of courteous deference to her opinion. John Ferrol smiled inwardly with a gratified pride. Nothing pleased him more than for his wife to receive admiration

—it was almost like a personal compliment to himself; and he felt that his beautiful Zoe must have made a strong impression on his guest, although he noticed that Zoe seemed for some reason less animated than usual to-day, not at her best.

"Are you making a long stay in England, Duchesne?" he said presently. "If so, I hope we shall see a good deal of you. My business in the States won't keep me very long." He had taken a fancy to Garth's acquaintance.

"You are very kind. Really I scarcely know how long I shall be kept in England. Originally my intention was only to make a brief stay. My chief reason in coming to England was to make a sad pilgrimage—to pay a visit to the grave of my wife, whom I left behind me in England when I first went to Canada," he said.

Mrs. Ferrol's eyes were bent on her plate. She was nervously crumbling her bread with restless fingers that would not keep still.

"A doubly sad pilgrimage that must have been, since I gather she died whilst you were abroad," said John Ferrol with feeling.

And across the boughs of scented mimosa, brought from their Mediterranean shores to decorate this London table, he cast an affectionate glance at his wife, thinking how he would soon be leaving her behind him in England when he went abroad. God forbid that any such tragic loss should befall him!

"By the way, Duchesne," he went on, "that queer case in which your name cropped up so oddly—if it isn't impertinent of me to say so—seems to have quite dropped out. Evidently the police haven't been able to find a trace of that George Ailwyn who vanished immediately before the discovery of the crime."

"Even if they had done so, they would not have laid their hands on the murderer of that chorus-girl," said Duchesne quickly. "George Ailwyn was not the guilty man. The crime was committed by a woman."

"By a woman? Have the police made some new discovery, then?" asked Mr. Ferrol with interest. "Of course, I remember that actor Burgoyne said he saw a woman's hand fling out that ring into the street—strangely enough, it was your wedding-ring, wasn't it? But, if so, how was it that Burgoyne and the charwoman, going up to the flat immediately afterwards, found it empty, except for the dead woman?"

"The flat opposite to that of the Ailwyns was unoccupied. There can be little doubt that the woman rushed out from the scene of her crime and hid there; how she obtained the key has yet to be ascertained—but there she hid, and subsequently slipped down the stairs unseen," Duchesne said.

"You speak positively—"

"Because I am positive—because I know who killed that chorus-girl, why she killed her. The guilty person was a woman, a woman moving in good society, supposedly the wife of a rich man devoted to her, whom she had utterly duped as to her real nature. There's a whole drama of intrigue and scheming behind that sordid crime. Mr. Ferrol," said Duchesne slowly; "and the woman committed the crime because her victim was blackmailing her, threatening the security of a position she had won by fraud."

Mr. Ferrol's interest was evidently keenly aroused.

"But there hasn't been a word or hint of this in the papers," he said. "The police have been uncommonly reticent—"

"No; what I have told you is my own discovery, which I have not yet communicated to the police. It was the then inexplicable circumstance of that ring bearing my name hung from the window of the murdered woman's room that gave me a startling interest in every detail of the crime—that led to the discovery I have told you of—that will lead ultimately to the guilty woman's undoing. That trivial circumstance of the ring was a fatal one for her. So far the police are quite in the dark; but now that I have the last link in the chain complete— But it is an unpleasant subject to discuss over lunch. A thousand apologies, Mrs. Ferrol; I trust you will forgive my having referred to it." Duchesne said suddenly, looking across at his hostess. Her head was bent down; her lips moved inaudibly. "What makes the case so sordid is the utterly worthless character of the guilty woman, on whom any pity would be quite thrown away."

Still Mrs. Ferrol did not look up from her plate. It was well that the plate was not a mirror to image back the reflection of her face. Such a reflection would have startled John Ferrol.

Duchesne changed the subject, leaving his host's curiosity piqued and unsatisfied.

"Too bad of you, Duchesne," the latter broke in. "To stop in the middle of an absorbing story! But I suppose I mustn't press you, or ask how you came to make this amazing discovery, or how that ring came to be bound up with this murder mystery? But I suppose we may look for a sensational sequel to the Ailwyn case before very long? Since you say you have solved the mystery, you will not, I suppose, screen this guilty woman from justice?"

"Would it be right to screen the woman—such a woman?" answered Duchesne enigmatically. "Would you be inclined to screen her?"

"From what you tell us this sordid crime seems to have had no palliating feature. Justice is justice, and, of course, it is your duty to denounce the guilty woman," said John Ferrol.

"Precisely my opinion," Duchesne said.

The talk flowed on, sustained by Duchesne and his host. Dennis sat listening, scarcely speaking. Duchesne's reference to the crime had set him thinking of the real "George Ailwyn," who had died so miserably, over whom a coroner's jury had returned an open verdict of "Found drowned." Mrs. Ferrol, too, sat silent—who shall say with what thoughts conflicting in her?

(Continued on page 230.)

INDIGESTION

and all Stomach Troubles are CURED by

The 2/6 Bottle contains Three Times as much as the 1/1½ size.

Indigestion means torturing pain, intense weariness, wretched days and wakeful nights. It means starved blood, starved muscles, a starved body and a starved brain; in short, it means shattered health and a broken constitution unless you root it out without delay. Mother Seigel's Syrup has no rival as a remedy for indigestion, biliousness, and all disorders of the stomach, liver and kidneys.

TAKE IT DAILY
AFTER MEALS.

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP.

CHEF

SAUCE.

THE HAPPY MEDIUM
IN SAUCES.

Neither too hot nor too vinegary.
Just the right amount of piquancy
and zest to suit all tastes.

DELICIOUS FRUITY FLAVOUR.

Sold by Grocers everywhere. If difficult to obtain locally, however, a full-size sample bottle, with name of nearest agent, will be sent free on receipt of six penny stamps.

E. LAZENBY & SON, Ltd.,
18 Trinity Street, London, S.E.



WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

will make you Look Well, Feel Well and Keep Well.

These family favourites are composed entirely of Medicinal Herbs, and are warranted free from Mercury or other poisonous substance. They cleanse the stomach and bowels: invigorate the whole nervous system and give tone and energy to the muscles. BEECHAM'S PILLS have stood the test of over fifty years without the publication of testimonials. Parents recommend them to their children: friends recommend them to one another, and BEECHAM'S PILLS RECOMMEND THEMSELVES.

6,000,000 BOXES SOLD ANNUALLY.
Prepared only by THOMAS BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lanc., and
sold everywhere in boxes price 1/1½ (56 pills) & 2/9 (168 pills.)

"NO MORE SKIN ILLNESS."

Relief, restful nights free from irritation, and certain
cure await all sufferers—Free Trial offered to our readers.

We are going to ask you two or three straight questions. Does your skin get red, rough, and chafed easily? Have you spots, pimples, or blackheads on your face, or a rash or breaking-out in any part of your body? Have you a bad leg which refuses to get better, or is one of your children suffering from ringworm or nettlerash? Are you worried, annoyed, and made miserable by skin irritation or eczema on your face, arms, legs, back, or chest? Are there any signs that your skin is at all unhealthy, or is needing attention? If so, fill in the coupon at foot, and send it to us at once.

If your skin is in perfect and spotless health, that is a good thing, but we emphatically recommend you to note the very first signs that your skin is becoming unhealthy. Probably, however, even now you are suffering from some skin ailment, and in that case you will be glad to know that "Antexema" will cure you. Not only so, but the moment "Antexema" touches the bad place the irritation will immediately stop, and

Your Cure Will Have Commenced.

The immediate relief "Antexema" will give you from itching, however incessant and intolerable, is wonderful. Time after time people write to us to say that the first night they used "Antexema" was the first night for months that they have enjoyed restful sleep. Try "Antexema" and you will be as delighted as they were. "Antexema" is not a greasy ointment, so that you are not worried by the sight of spots or patches of ointment on face, neck, or arms. "Antexema," on the contrary, when gently applied to the skin, is almost immediately absorbed, and its healing virtues begin their beneficial work. Whilst this is going on the affected part is covered by an invisible artificial skin, which protects it from germs and injury. "Antexema" should be immediately applied to scratches, cuts, pimples, or broken skin, because it is through these channels that the germs of disease and blood poisoning enter the system. The antiseptic properties of "Antexema" are therefore of the greatest value, as they disarm the germs and render them powerless for mischief. In many cases, of course, skin illness is the outward sign of

Impurity of the Blood,

and in that case, whilst applying "Antexema" outwardly, you should also take

Bad Complexions, B. b. Rash, Blackheads, Blotches, Burns and Scalds, Delicate, Sensitive, Irritable Skin; Skin Troubles affecting the Ears, Eyes, Feet, Hands, and Scalp; Eczema (chronic and acute), Eczema of the Legs, Facial Blotches, Gouty Eczema, Insect Bites, Leg Wounds, Lip and Chin Troubles, Nettlerash, Pimples, Prickly Heat, Psoriasis, Ringworm, Shingles, and Ulcers. Our Family Handbook not only shows how to get cured now, but how to keep cured in the future, and a copy of this little book



All Mothers should know that "Antexema" is a sure, safe, and certain cure for all skin troubles.

should be in the hands of parents, nurses, and all who value the health of their skin.

Why be Disfigured, Tortured, and Humiliated?

Nothing can be more exasperating to a sensitive mind than to know that everyone you meet is noticing some breaking-out or blemish on your skin. Nothing is so disfiguring as a skin which is red, rough, pimply, or scurvy, or which has upon it an angry-looking eruption, and certainly nothing worries or torments the sufferer like the itching of eczema or some other irritating skin ailment. Not only is this true, but all such annoyances and miseries are absolutely unnecessary. You can be immediately relieved and quickly cured, for "Antexema" will cure you, and do this completely and permanently.

Many skin sufferers find it hard to believe that they can be cured. Over and over again they may have tried some so-called remedy and found it utterly useless. They have been to doctors, skin specialists, and hospitals and obtained no benefit, and a cure seems to them impossible. These are just the cases we like to have, and the most wonderful cures have been effected in instances in which a cure seemed out of the question and all hope had been abandoned. "Antexema" came on the scene and carried away as if by magic all the trouble, and the former sufferer has now as clear and spotless a skin as anyone could wish for. Why not personally test the remedy that works such wonders?

We want to convince you that "Antexema" will cure you, and we therefore offer you a

Generous Free Trial.

All Chemists and Stores supply "Antexema" at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d., or direct, post free, in plain wrapper, for 1s. 3d. and 2s. 9d. "Antexema" can be obtained of Chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, South Africa, India, and all British Dominions. If you wish to avail yourself of our Free Trial Offer fill in Coupon or write and mention "Pearson's Weekly," enclose three penny stamps for a copy of our popular handbook, "Skin Troubles," and a generous free trial of "Antexema" and "Antexema Granules." Send to the Antexema Company, 83 Castle Road, London, N.W.



All Nurses now recognise the wonder-working powers of "Antexema."

"Antexema Granules," which embody the valuable blood purifying elements of the famous springs of Harrogate. Also if you are desirous of regaining and maintaining skin health, you should always use "Antexema Soap," which is equally suitable for bath, toilet, nursery, or shampooing.

Read our Family Handbook, which tells you all about Acne, Babies' Skin Troubles

ANTEXEMA QUICKLY RELIEVES AND RAPIDLY CURES

SPECIAL
TRIAL
COUPON

Name _____

Address _____

Pearson's Weekly, 25/9/07.

Fill in Coupon and enclose 3 penny stamps and send to the Antexema Company, 83 Castle Road, London, N.W.

THE WORLD'S GREAT LIVER SPECIFIC

FREE SAMPLE.

You can obtain a Free Sample Box of Bile Beans by sending this coupon, 1d. stamp (to pay return postage), and your name and address to The Bile Bean Co., Greek Street, Leeds.
Pearson's Weekly
Sept. 26/07.

CHARLES FORDE'S
(Trade Mark)

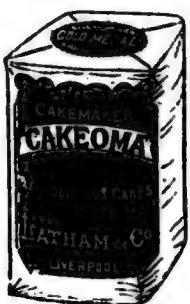
BILE BEANS for BILIOUSNESS

CURE: HEADACHE, INDIGESTION, CONSTIPATION, DEBILITY, FEMALE WEAKNESSES, PILES, DIZZINESS, SALLOW COMPLEXIONS, PIMPLES AND ALL LIVER & STOMACH TROUBLES.

2/9 SIZE $1\frac{1}{2}$ HOLDS 3 TIMES $1\frac{1}{2}$ SIZE.

"BILE BEANS" MANUFACTURED

IF YOU USE Cakeoma



for your next batch of Cakes you will never .. willingly go back to the old-fashioned way of .. making them.

And it is equally satisfactory for puddings.

Cakeoma contains all the dry ingredients for every cake, perfectly mixed and ready for use.

It makes about a 2 lb. cake and costs 3½d. at Grocers and Stores everywhere.



LATHAM & Co., Ltd., Cakeoma Works, LIVERPOOL.



"Why don't they use Lux?"

Purifying. **LUX** Refreshing.
For FLANNELS, WOOLLENS, DAINTY FABRIC.
Softens Hard Water.

LEVER BROTHERS, LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT, ENGLAND.

The name LEVER on soap is a guarantee of Purity and Excellence.

Potato Balls
Mix some
an egg, roll t
the potato
chopped par
Dip the balls
crumbs and
golden colour

Sausages.
Take the
cut into sma
fat and a hal
of salt, half
together and
some well-
machine, an
(Reply to Ne

Apple Mould
This ma
apples which
just now. P
cooking appl
weight in su
and a small
gently till q
a flat mould
out when
almonds, an
the middle.

Cheese Sauce
Take a
the same q
crumbs, two
cayenne pep
and white
colour. Put
a stewpan, a
add cayenne
the bread m
yolks of egg
dish. Add
lightly, put
for twenty m

Savoury
Is a nice
the remains
fat and tot
machine.
breadcrumb
onion, chop
with a beate
Flour the la
a neat roll,
pieces of dri
hour, bustin
the roll on a
gravy round
carrot.

NO PAST

Luncheon
the drawing
waiting for
in falling.
"I'll give
hotel," said
were on the
Armand I
word from
head as by
the three m
who felt the
called the m
drawing-room
"Mr. Duc
He turned
where she st
courtesy for
"And—un
aid in a low
you going
appealing ha
Just for a
clipped; int
Then:
"All in m
and turned

Dennis G
that alterno
It was non
for all that
that behind
Duchess, t
forces had
easy talk of
a hint had
Ferral were
voked in ea
like one wh

THINGS A
WOMAN WANTS
TO KNOW . . .

HOME NOTES PAGE.

CONDUCTED BY
ISOBEL . . .

SOME DAINY DISHES.

Potato Balls.

Mix some mashed potato with the yolk of an egg, roll the substance out into balls. Have the potato mixture seasoned nicely with chopped parsley, a little mace, pepper and salt. Dip the balls into beaten egg, then in bread-crumbs and fry in deep, boiling fat till a nice golden colour.

Sausages.

Take three pounds of pork, fat and lean, cut into small pieces, season with a tablespoonful and a half of powdered sage, half an ounce of salt, half an ounce of pepper. Mix all well together and then press the meat through some well-cleaned skins with a sausage machine, and twist into lengths required. (Reply to NEWCASTLE INQUIRER.)

Apple Mould.

This may be made easily from the small apples which fall off the trees so plentifully just now. Peel, core, and cut into halves some cooking apples, stew them with one-third of their weight in sugar, the juice and rind of a lemon, and a small piece of cinnamon. Stew all gently till quite firm and clear and pour into a flat mould with a hole in the centre. Turn out when set, stick with a few blanched almonds, and pile a little whipped cream in the middle.

Cheese Souffle.

Take a teacupful of grated cheese, with the same quantity each of milk and bread-crumbs, two eggs, a small piece of butter and cayenne pepper to taste. First divide the yolks and whites of eggs, beat the yolks to a light colour. Put the cheese, bread-crumbs, and milk in a stewpan, and gradually make all hot, stir and add cayenne to taste. Grease a pie-dish. When the bread mixture is cooked a little, add the yolks of eggs and the butter, and put into the dish. Add the stiffly beaten whites of eggs lightly, put into a sharp oven at once and bake for twenty minutes. (Reply to GRANTHAM.)

Savoury Roll

Is a nice way of using up cold meat. Take the remains of a cold joint, free from skin and fat and bone, and pass it through a mincing machine. Add a third of the quantity of bread-crumbs or potato. Flavour with minced onion, chopped sage, pepper and salt, and mix with a beaten egg, or two if a large roll be made. Flour the hands, and then form the meat into a neat roll, place it in a baking tin, with some pieces of dripping on it, and bake for half an hour, basting well all the time. To serve, put the roll on a hot dish, and pour a little thick gravy round, garnish with heaps of chopped carrot.

JINGLES. £50 IN PRIZES.

Do you know what Jingles are? They are the very latest form of competition invented by "Home Notes." We have made arrangements by which readers of "Pearson's Weekly" may enter for the Jingle in this week's "Home Notes."

Below you will find the first five lines of a Jingle. We leave you to fill in the last line to the best of your ability. The last word of this line should rhyme with the last word of the third line. (See example.) When you have done this, fill in your name and address in the space provided, cut out the entry form, attach to it a POSTAL ORDER FOR SIXPENCE, and place it in an envelope addressed to "Home Notes," Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Mark your envelope "Jingle No. 2" in the top left-hand corner. Closing date, Wednesday, September 25th.

Everyone who enters must compete on the form below, and send a postal order for 6d. with it. The P.O. should be made payable to Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., and should be crossed "C & Co." All attempts must be forwarded on the printed entry forms, or they will be disqualified.

Of the amount received, three-fourths will be divided amongst the ten competitors whose attempts are considered by the adjudicators to be the best and most original, and one-fourth will be awarded in consolation gifts amongst those competitors whose efforts show merit. Whatever the amount received, we guarantee to distribute £50 amongst the winners in the second Jingle Competition.

The ten winning attempts will be selected by "Isobel," who will be assisted by a committee of competent judges. The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted.

ENTRY FORM.

JINGLE No. 2.

My Ann
Adored the man,
Who drove the butcher's cart,
But sad to say
She learned one day

I agree to abide by the decision published in "Home Notes," and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the conditions printed above.

Name.....
Address.....

THE DANGERS OF ADVICE.

ONE of the dangers which beset the feet of a young mother is the sea of advice which threatens to overwhelm her.

She may be an intelligent, educated woman, who has studied and read extensively upon the subject of the needs of childhood; she may be aware of some peculiarities in the constitution of her child, which require different treatment from the majority of children; she may have the advantage of capable medical supervision, but not all this can save her from being deluged continually with suggestions and advice from every one who ever has had, or who equally has not had, anything to do with a baby.

Would that every young mother could say, when advice is pressed upon her by irresponsible persons, "Are you willing to take the consequences of your advice? If my child falls ill as a result, will you assume the anxiety, the care, the expense? If he is injured, mentally or morally, by following your suggestions, will you consider yourself wholly responsible?"

It is because of this absolute freedom from consequences that people are so ready with their advice. Hold them to the consequences, and they would soon be silenced.

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

Prunes

Are greatly improved by being stewed in a little cider.

To Preserve Fish

Sprinkle powdered borax over it lightly and place in a good situation.

To Pickle Cabbage.

Choose a fine close cabbage for the purpose of pickling. Cut it as thin as possible and throw some salt on it. Let all remain for three days when it should have turned a rich colour; drain off the salt and put in a pan with some strong vinegar, a few blades of mace, and some white peppercorn. Give it a scald and when cold place in jars and make quite air tight. Always stand this pickle for a few days before using.

Pieces of Soap

Should be saved, and not left to waste, by the kitchen sink. Put them in a jar, and when there are several pieces, shred them and put them into a saucepan, allowing a teacupful of soap to a quart of water. Add a dessertspoonful of borax, and boil till dissolved. Pour into jam pots, and keep the jelly for washing flannels and light things. The soap jelly is easily dissolved in hot water and in a lather made in this way the finest woollen goods can be washed.

Rosemary Leaves for the Hair.

Rosemary leaves are of great value for the toilet. A strong decoction of these leaves is useful as a hair lotion either alone or in combination with other substances. The fresh leaves are the best. Two ounces may be placed in the bottom of a pie-dish, covered with water, and allowed to stew in the oven for twenty minutes. The leaves may be dried now for winter use. For very dry hair a couple of handfuls of rosemary leaves may be boiled in pure lard. This will make an excellent pomade. (Reply to WHITEHALL.)

To Clean Brass and Copper.

The recipe you require is one always used in my household. Procure a pennyworth of oxalic acid, put it into a wine bottle and fill up with hot water (taking care, of course, that the bottle does not burst). Cork the bottle tightly and label it "poison." A little of this rubbed on to brass and then polished will delight you. With this I dissolve a little cake of whiting in a saucer, the paste is smeared on to the plain brass and when dry rubbed off with a duster. Bear in mind that oxalic acid is poison and burns the hands if not carefully used. (Reply to ISOBEL GOULD, Dorset.)

NO PAST IS DEAD (continued from page 228).

Luncheon came to an end. Mrs. Ferrol led the way to the drawing-room. She was racked by a fever of suspense, waiting for the blow to fall—the blow which was so long in falling.

"I'll give you a lift, Duchesne; I'm driving near your hotel," said John Ferrol presently, when his two guests were on the point of taking their leave.

Armand Duchesne bade his hostess good-bye. Still no word from him, still the sword left suspended over her head as by a single thread. On a desperate impulse, as the three men were passing through the hall, this woman, who felt the walls of her stronghold crumbling about her, called the man she feared back to the threshold of the drawing-room door:

"Mr. Duchesne."

He turned, and with a smile on his lips walked back to where she stood, waiting with a charming, well-bred air of courtesy for her to speak.

"And—and that worthless woman you spoke of," she said in a low voice that was a manifest effort—"what are you going to do . . . Armand?" And she laid an appealing hand on his arm.

Just for a second the mask of his studied indifference slipped; into his eyes flamed a sudden passionate light. Then:

"All in my own good time," he said in a low, light tone, and turned away to follow his host to the waiting car.

Dennis Garth walked out of the house in Sloane Street that afternoon feeling puzzled.

It was none of his business, of course, as he realised, but for all that he could not dismiss the feeling from his mind that behind the meeting between Mrs. Ferrol and Duchesne, that had been of his bringing about, hidden forces had suddenly been set stirring; through the light, easy talk of Duchesne and in the woman's eyes more than a hint had peeped out—plain to him at least, if John Ferrol were blind—of some stress of strange emotion provoked in each by that meeting of two ostensible strangers, like two who, skimming the surface of a sheet of ice,

suddenly gets a glimpse into the depths beneath where the waters lie dark, deep, unresting.

And to-day he had become conscious of a change in Duchesne, a subtle change that he could hardly have specified in words. Dennis Garth suddenly found himself wondering if he liked the man. There was something—something too vague to be expressed in definite terms—that had struck him for the first time to-day in his acquaintance that faintly repelled him.

"I'm rather glad, after all, he didn't accept my invitation to Yorkshire," Dennis told himself.

As Duchesne came out of the door and took his seat in the green motor-car, he leaned back against the cushions as if suddenly faint; he was far from strong yet after his serious accident, and the reaction after the suppressed excitement of the last two hours had told upon him.

Percival Bentley had been startled by the change he had seen in Duchesne at the revelation of his wife's infamous

plot; it had been as though all the kindly, generous side that he had known in Joy's husband had in an instant been turned to stone.

That revelation, that had killed Armand Duchesne's love at a breath, had also touched to life in him—a man of unusually strong passions and emotions—a latent relentless savagery, of which perhaps even he himself had until now been unconscious.

He had found the woman who had tricked him, who had tricked this other man, living in guilty luxury. Well, he would not spare her one drop of the bitter cup that he had told himself she should drink. His silence at their meeting that afternoon had not been one of mercy, only the refinement of cruelty. Dead love had no claims of pity to soften the iron of his purpose. For a little while he would keep this guilty woman on tenterhooks, play with her in a cat-like fashion, making her feel all the torture of suspense before he dealt his blow. But when at last the blow fell, it should fall surely!

And at the thought a laugh left his lips, a harsh laugh that broke jarringly through a long silence that had fallen, as the car threaded its way through Piccadilly, that was so unexpected, so apparently causeless, as to make Dennis glance at the other man in surprise. The look on his companion's face, of which he caught a fleeting glimpse, made Dennis feel that he liked Duchesne less than ever.

For two days Duchesne did not go near the house in Sloane Street. The woman was in his grip, powerless to escape. Let her taste the purgatory of suspense and dread anticipation.

On the third day he called at the house again. "Mr. and Mrs. Ferrol left London to-day, sir," the servant informed him.

Duchesne had known that John Ferrol was shortly going to America, but it surprised him a little to hear that he had gone so soon.

"Of course, Mr. Ferrol was to leave England; I suppose that Mrs. Ferrol has gone to Liverpool to see Mr. Ferrol off by the boat?" he inquired.

"No, sir; my mistress is leaving England, too," was the unexpected reply. "Her plans were changed. She is accompanying my master to America."

(Another instalment next week.)

SUMMER HOLIDAYS.

For the BEST LIST of

Seaside and Country Apartments

always look in the

Daily Express

London's Great Halfpenny Morning Newspaper.

ON SALE EVERYWHERE.

Sareth Kumar Ghosh, the celebrated Indian author, starts his wonderful stories of jungle life in this month's ROYAL.

I Hope I Don't Intrude



By a
Modern
Paul Pry.

[The writer of this article has conducted nearly one thousand interviews, chiefly for Pearson's Weekly and its allied publications.]

THE old form of illustrated interview, invented, or, at all events, made popular, by the late Harry How, of the STRAND MAGAZINE, has fallen into disfavour. Interviewers themselves largely helped to kill it. For in the latter days of the illustrated interview one generally got a great deal of the interviewer and precious little of the "interviewee," if one may use the word.

But the interview, that is, the descriptive or biographical interview, is far from dead. Never was there such a thirst as now for authentic personalia or "ana," gleaned first-hand from the celebrities with whom it deals, and thus distinguished from the old, second-hand, scissors-and-paste, and often highly imaginative sort of thing. And, although their names may never come before the public, there are plenty of men and women who earn their bread and an occasional pat of butter as interviewers.

As one of these, and as the writer of nearly one thousand descriptive personal articles, compiled from special interviews, I am asked to give some hints on this pleasant and fairly profitable form of journalism.

Well, there are some obvious qualities an interviewer must possess or acquire if he is to make any sort of success in his chosen calling.

WHEN SILENCE IS REALLY GOLDEN.

He must be presentable, for clearly he discounts his chances of a sympathetic reception if he turns up with a black eye and a general air of having slept in his boots. He must be a good listener, on many topics. He should also be able to talk intelligently on most ordinary subjects. But the less he talks the better. His business is to make the celebrity talk, and so far as possible he should confine himself to acting as a sort of prompter.

Then, he should be tactful and self-possessed. Tactful to avoid putting awkward questions which may awaken painful memories, and also to avoid saying things or expressing opinions which may give offence to the person he is interviewing.

In his business hours, at all events, an interviewer should have no politics or creeds of his own. It is his business to be "all things to all men," even to the extent of being a little hypocritical. For no one will talk freely about his cherished ideals or aims to an unfriendly or unsympathetic listener.

Self-possession is a very necessary quality, for you never know in what awkward or embarrassing situations interviewing may land you.

Never shall I forget almost the first interview I ever did. When I was shown into the celebrity's presence, he shook me warmly by the hand, and then, gazing fixedly into my eyes, said in a sepulchral voice: "You came to see a man, and you see a monkey!"

I have never been able to think of a tactful response to this surprising conversational opening, which he kept on repeating at intervals—neither "Don't mention it," nor "My mistake, I assure you," seem to meet the bill.

AMERICAN METHODS DON'T PAY HERE.

But, at all events, I retained sufficient self-possession, even when he attempted to climb up the curtains, to pretend to notice nothing unusual, and in the intervals of his nut-cracking got some excellent "copy."

But of all the qualities an interviewer should possess, I place first an unswerving determination to deal fairly by his "subjects."

A fairly popular idea of the interviewer paints him as a desperate sort of individual who gouges information out of his unwilling victim, which he distorts to meet his own ends or those of his paper.

Certainly the American interviewer, whose boast it is that he can write a three-column interview without ever having even seen the subject of it, lends some colour to this popular view.

But, like many American methods of business, the American system of interviewing does not pay in this country.

I should give, as a golden rule for all interviewers: Never to publish a line which the "interviewee" has not first seen and approved.

Adherence to this rule undoubtedly comes hard sometimes. Celebrities often find "second thoughts best," and cut out the choicest plums from your story. Nobody, certainly, can be more exasperating than the celebrity who tells you anecdotes worth their weight in gold, or which would be if editors were more broad-minded, and then says: "But you mustn't publish that." The temptation to break faith is often strong, especially if the objection to publication is a frivolous one.

You may suffer at the time, but a reputation for "straightness" and fair-dealing is worth far more to an interviewer than editorial gold.

Never, I say, publish anything your man has not seen and approved, and always get him to sign your article, or certainly to send you a covering letter approving of it.

For if interviewers are sometimes guilty of bad faith, so are celebrities. Something they have said may produce an unexpected and undesirable effect when in print, and they may try to back out of it, and repudiate you and your work. Such cases are not uncommon, and the only safeguard is the one already mentioned.

But here am I at the end of an interview before we have got to the beginning of one.

It is a good plan when asking for an interview to forward an example of your work. Of course, everybody ought to know the journal you represent, but perhaps everybody does not, and it is excessively annoying to go to a celebrity only to find that he or she objects to the form of interview your journal goes in for.

However, let us suppose you have properly cleared the ground beforehand, and you are "face to face."

ANECDOTES PRODUCE ANECDOTES.

Here you must be left very much to your own intelligence and *savoir-faire*, but it is not a bad plan to begin by thanking your subject for his kindness in allowing you to call.

Young interviewers are apt to act as if they were conferring an enormous favour on the interviewee, but you cannot go wrong in remembering that at best you are an intruder, and often a not very welcome intruder, and therefore order yourself modestly and courteously.

As I have said, the less you talk the better; but still, you can do good work by suggestive remarks, and you should have a fund of crisp anecdotes of other celebrities. For example, you are interviewing a painter, and he protests he really cannot remember any anecdotes about himself or his work. Tell him one or two stories that other artists have told you, say, about their first commission or curious happenings to themselves or their works, and in all probability you will suggest some similar reminiscences.

A point I had almost forgotten is that before an interview you should, so far as possible, make yourself acquainted with your "sitter's" life and work.

FLATTERY IS OFTEN USEFUL.

We are all of us susceptible to delicate flattery, and a timely allusion to a book, a painting, a performance, or achievement of any kind may quickly pave the way to that free and friendly converse which is your goal.

But remember to be sure of your facts, or you may fall into the dreadful pit of the interviewer who solemnly congratulated Robert Louis Stevenson as the author of "King Solomon's Mines!"

Whether you should take notes during an interview depends very much on yourself and circumstances in general.

If you are going to reproduce your man's utterances verbatim then, of course, you must take a note—and a knowledge of shorthand is invaluable; but for the ordinary descriptive interview or sketch, it is probably better to rely on your memory, if you can. The production of notebook and pencil is apt to make the interviewee nervous and self-conscious, and with practice you can soon train your memory to almost photographic fidelity.

POET: "So you think I should put fire into my verses?"

EDITOR: "My dear sir, quite the reverse!"

HE: "Yes, I've done it at last. I screwed up courage enough to ask Miss Blightie to marry me. Rather brave, wasn't it?"

SHE: "Erave to recklessness."

HIS WIFE.

THE agent stepped briskly up to Mr. Howard's desk, and laid a small article down close to his busy right hand.

"I have here a new letter-opener," he said, "a handsome article, to be put on the table in your library, and—"

"I have the best letter-opener and the quickest," interrupted Mr. Howard, without turning his head. "How long have you had it?" persisted the agent.

"You know there are constant improvements." "There's no need for improving mine," responded the writer. "I've had her about two years—anniversary comes next month."

BEGGAR: "Kind lady, please remember the poor." Lady: "I've no money with me."

BEGGAR: "Oh, anything will do, a piece of jewellery, or your furs."

EDITH: "Papa is immensely pleased to hear you are a poet."

Ferdie: "Is he?"

EDITH: "Oh, very! The last of my lovers he tried to kick was a football player."

"A Real Cure"



MRS. ALLEYNE.

10 St. James Road, Tunbridge Wells.

For about six years I have suffered from indigestion, and, in spite of doctors' advice and of various remedies which I took, I continued suffering pain, shortness of breath, nausea and headaches. I felt run down, I tired easily, and was unable to take much exercise.

Having heard of Iron-Ox Tablets I decided to give them a trial. They have done me an immense amount of good. They have cured the indigestion, have removed all pain and nausea, and have made me much stronger. I am able to take long walks now without tiring myself. My general health is much improved, and I feel that I can recommend Iron-Ox Tablets, not only as a real cure for indigestion, but as a splendid tonic also.

(Signed) E. M. ALLEYNE.

Think over this letter, and what it means to you. No doubt Mrs. Alleyne almost despaired of ever being herself again. Can you imagine anything more disheartening than to try one thing after another to cure the distressing ailments which result from impaired digestion and to find that relief is as far away as ever? But when Mrs. Alleyne gave Iron-Ox Tablets a trial she soon found an improvement in her health; the pain, shortness of breath, and headaches from which she suffered so much, quickly disappeared, and soon her indigestion was quite cured.

If you know the agonies of indigestion, you can readily understand how happy and grateful Mrs. Alleyne was as soon as she discovered the wonderful curative and tonic virtues of Iron-Ox Tablets. At last she had found a friend who could free her from the toils of pain and suffering—at last she was to be well again. No wonder that Mrs. Alleyne gladly writes the letter which we publish above.

And her experience points a way to you in which you can restore health and strength to your digestive organs. Send to your chemist to day for Iron-Ox Tablets.

IRON-OX

TABLETS will cure your indigestion and make you well and strong once more. Write for Descriptive Booklet and "The Doctor's Word," sent post free.

A dainty Aluminium Pocket Packet of 50 Tablets for 1/-.
If your chemist has not got them, they will be sent post free on receipt of price (One Shilling) by the Iron-Ox Remedy Co., Ltd., 20 Cockspur Street, London, S.W.

Taking a some oult in midair in a motor-car! Sound exciting, doesn't it? For full particulars and illustrations see this month's ROYAL.

"Your Move Sir!"



A Draughts Expert Tells His Experiences.

draughts is a delightful and scientific game. There can be no doubt about that. It is a game that must appeal to anyone who is of a thoughtful turn of mind. To the duffer, of course—the man who is always wanting something feverishly exciting for his money—it's a hum-drum, dead-alive sort of game.

Like all pastimes, of course, it should not be allowed to encroach on the serious business of

life. And there is such a fatal fascination about draughts, once you thoroughly understand the game, that I would urge all young men not to become too proficient at it.

It is a dreamer's game. There is no money to be made out of it. The only man who ever made a profession of draught-playing was James Wyllie, the famous "Herd Laddie," who travelled all over the globe with his "brod" literally on his back. He was the greatest player of his time, yet he died comparatively poor. When it is said that he was a canny-going old Scot, with a well-developed faculty for getting the most out of a "saxpence," the case against draughts as a medium for money-making is easily proved.

For my own part, when I have given public exhibitions, it has generally been with the object of simply providing an entertainment for the draught-players of the particular town chosen. Of course, like a prudent man, if the club under whose auspices I gave an exhibition offered payment for my services, I seldom refused. As a skilled labourer, I was certainly worthy of my hire.

THIRTY GAMES AT A TIME.

Simultaneously, I have contested any number of boards up to thirty, playing perhaps fifty games in an exhibition of two and a half hours' duration. Of these I generally won four-fifths, losing a game occasionally (a bright feather in the winner's cap), and drawing the rest.

My opponents were often what the checkerist calls "scrubs," with a leavening of good players. One would naturally suppose that the "scrubs" would provide the easiest of victims. Well, speaking from experience, I would rather play a dozen good players than twenty "scrubs" and two or three "experts" combined. The "expert," as a rule, knows the pitfalls, by the way, and hangs on as long as he can to "book" lines of play. This procedure makes it dry for me. I need only rely on memory until the end game appears, when I can make some tricky variation.

But the "scrub" knows nothing about those cardities called "books." Books for him! Non-sense! He blunders along gaily, playing the most unexpected moves, upsetting, perhaps unconsciously, all my nice plans for a "stroke." Then he has generally a friend at his back to advise him when I am at the far end of the room.

The result is, that I have to gauge every move carefully at his board. This involves time and thought. I am tempted to set "traps" to finish him off quickly. He avoids them, gets a good end game, and may even win. Usually, however, he contrives to lose his winning position. I breathe a silent prayer of thankfulness, and all is well again.

BLIND VERSUS BLINDFOLD.

A blindfold exhibition, if trying to the man who gives it, is compensated by the murmurs of wonder and incredulity it evokes from the spectators. A number of boards are set, the players take their places, and someone who knows the numbers of the squares cries out each move to the blindfolded player, who sits in a corner by himself, with his back to his opponents. He calls out his reply to the "crier," who makes the move, and thus the games go on.

I always made a point of taking the black and white pieces alternately, i.e., black at board one, white at board two, and so on. This makes it easier to grasp the various positions as they stand out in relief against the blackness that envelops your mind. Twelve boards were the most that ever I handled successfully in this way.

I remember when one of my opponents in an exhibition was a blind man. He had a board of his own, with round and square pieces, and the playing squares sunk.

Afterwards, I expressed a desire to play him a game blindfolded. This was my first attempt of the kind in public, and a novel sight it was. The naturally blind man had the advantage of being allowed to grope over the board with his fingers, but I managed to win, though only by a simple slip on my opponent's part.

This Week's Hero.

COLONEL TEMPLER.

The Designer of Britain's First Military Airship, the "Nulli Secundus," which Made so Successful a Trial Trip at Farnborough last Week.

In 1869 there was gazetted from Sandhurst, to the King's Royal Rifles, a young cadet who was possessed of what was, at that time, an extremely uncommon hobby for an Army officer. This was balloons.

He talked balloons all day and every day, and between whiles he made balloons, toy ones, and filled them with gas surreptitiously extracted from the ordinary barrack supply.

He also made a number of experimental ascents in full-size balloons, belonging to other people, and wrote several treatises designed to show how balloons might be utilised in time of war.

To all of which the authorities at the Horse Guards were profoundly indifferent.

Then the Franco-Prussian war broke out, and it was seen that balloons were used by both sides, but especially by the French, in exactly the way that this young officer—the "balloonatic" his brother officers were by this time calling him—had indicated.

At this, so is their wont, our War Office wakened up. And the result of their awakening was the establishment at Chatham of a school of military ballooning.

And to it came the young gentleman in question. But not as a pupil. He was now Captain Templer, instructor in ballooning, and a staff officer.

The officer with a hobby was in his element now. He threw himself heart and soul into his new duties. Within a few years he had introduced all sorts of improvements in the making of Army balloons, chief amongst which was the substitution of goldbeater's skin for oiled silk as a material for the envelopes, and the use of specially purified hydrogen gas for purposes of inflation.

Gradually, too, in the course of years, he gathered round him a "balloon corps" of expert assistants. These were useful as auxiliaries. But when any dangerous experiments were to be conducted, it was Captain Templer who insisted on conducting them, and whenever possible he ascended alone.

As a result, he had many narrow escapes. But the narrowest of all was when he ascended in his newly-completed reconnoitring balloon, "Saladin," at Bath, on December 10th, 1891. On this occasion he took up with him, contrary to his usual custom, two civilian companions, Mr. Walter Powell, M.P., and Mr. Agg-Gardner. Both these gentlemen, it should be explained, were experienced aeronauts.

But it was winter, and a sudden wintry gale sprang up, enveloping the balloon in semi-darkness, with sleet and snow. The wind increased, until it attained a velocity of thirty-five miles an hour. The earth was largely hidden from view, but Glastonbury was sighted, then Crewkerne and Beaminster. After that the next indication of the locality to which the "Saladin" had sailed was the roar of the sea.

There was not a moment to lose. Captain Templer grabbed the valve line and pulled it for all he was worth, and the partially deflated balloon descended to earth only 150 yards from the cliffs above Bridport. The sudden shock threw Templer out, still grasping the line. Agg-Gardner jumped, breaking his leg. Then the balloon, relieved of their combined weights, darted upwards, tearing the line from Templer's hands, and carrying Powell away seaward. It was never seen again, nor any fragment of it, nor was the body of the unfortunate aeronaut recovered.

The usual Military Court of Inquiry was held, and Captain Templer was exonerated from all blame. But for months afterwards he was not the same man.

The outbreak of the first Soudan war, however, roused him into renewed activity, and amongst the burning sands of Egypt he was enabled for the first time to put his pet theories to a series of practical tests. These did not fail him. Indeed, the success of his balloon corps there came as a revelation to the Government. On his return he was given a step in rank, and a special appointment, that of confidential adviser to the War Office on military ballooning. His salary for this was to be £600 a year, with an extra retiring allowance, and £3,600 down.

Army men envied him. But not for long. Envy was changed to pity when it became known a year or two later that he had been arrested on a charge of selling military secrets to a foreign government.

For two weary months the accused officer was under close arrest. Then came his trial by general court-martial, and his honourable acquittal. The whole story was proved to be absolutely without foundation.

The scene in Brompton Barracks, when he received back his sword, is one that has rarely been equalled in the annals of the British Army. The cheering was heard for miles around, and officers and men, forgetting for the moment discipline and differences of rank, swarmed about him with congratulations.

Since then, his professional career has been unsmirched by any breath of suspicion or of blame. He has devoted himself, as he always did aforetime, to the service of his country, one of the results being seen at Farnborough the other day, when the first of his fleet of airships was successfully launched.

JUST as bridges, wells, trains, razors, guns, poisons, and so forth offer facilities to human beings with suicidal notions, so all sorts of other useful things provide for unreasoning creatures means of self-destruction.

Note that I say unreasoning creatures, for I do not for one moment imagine that any bird or beast, if it could reason as man, would purposely endanger life or limb; and, therefore, perhaps dumb creature suicide would be more correctly described as accidental death. But—call it what you will—I do not suppose that it makes much difference to the creature concerned.

Probably, telegraph wires are responsible for more bird suicides than anything else. I have seen so cautious a bird as a woodpigeon dash into these wires with disastrous effect, and those who live near a well-wired line obtain many a tasty meal from game birds—partridges and grouse particularly—which have flown to their wire-borne death.

Those little ticket-like objects you may have noticed—two or three between each pole—are purposely fixed to warn birds of the wire danger by attracting their sight to the wires.

There are, however, many other curious ways in which birds destroy themselves. For instance, a woodcock was found which had flown with such force against the side of a water-butt as to drive its four-inch bill right into the wood.

HAWKS OFTEN DASH TO DEATH.

Hawks dashing at a bird on the ground will forget to put on their brakes in time to prevent a fatal collision with the earth, and the same result occurs when they try to overhaul a small bird in the vicinity of a wall.

For barn owls there is no contrivance more perilous than an open water-tank near farm buildings round which these useful birds are wont to forage for rats and mice.

Seeing its own image reflected in the moon-lit water, the owl imagines, apparently, this is an acquaintance, and going, as it were, to shake hands, finds a watery grave.

I knew a man who took four young jays from their nest, reared them till they could feed themselves, and had become very tame—every one of the four "got drowned," three while exploring the contents of open water vessels, the fourth actually managed the deed in a saucer, so intoxicated was it with the joy of bathing.

Small birds are not infrequently to be found hanging dead by nest-building materials; and sometimes, during toilet operations, they get their head and neck fatally locked between the stiff quills of their wing feathers.

I wonder how many hundreds of young pheasants annually find death in the meshes of wire netting? Even though they are well able to fly over obstacles ten times its height, little pheasants are so utterly devoid of "gumption" that they will try to jump through netting, taking not the slightest warning from the bodies of brothers and sisters who have hanged themselves thus.

WHEN BUNNY MEETS A MOTOR.

Partridges and grouse, which get up speed very smartly on being flushed, sometimes misjudge their distance, or don't look where they are flying—result, fatal collisions.

Animals do not hasten their own end so frequently as birds, doubtless because the former move at a much slower speed than the latter. All the same, animals suffer considerably from failure to appreciate the speed of trains and motors.

Though various creatures, such as hedgehogs, rats, hares, and rabbits, no doubt, learn by the experience of narrow shaves to respect motors, you may discover, during an early morning walk along a main road, ghastly tragedies of darkness, dazzling lamps, and whizzing wheels.

Fox-hounds going at full speed will misjudge the height of a wire fence. Seeing the top strand of wire just before its face—when it is too late—a hound generally throws back its head in a vain attempt to get over.

This is a terribly suicidal act, for it causes the wire to catch the vertebrae of the neck at a fatal angle; whereas, if a hound made the best of a badly-judged spring, it would probably escape with a shaking and a barked nose.

Pigs are said sometimes to anticipate their usual fate by cutting their throats with their fore-trotters.

NATURE SERIES.
"Felo De Se" or
Accidental Death.



By "Gamekeeper."

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

Mr. Button's Bargain.



How Button, the village gardener, became a landed proprietor, and had a troublesome time.

By C. MALCOLM HINCKS.

"Is Mr. Button in?"
"No, 'e ain't," said Mrs. Button laconically.
"Oh!" remarked the well-dressed visitor awkwardly, then, as the door was about to close in his face, he added, "Can you tell me where he is?"

The door opened again with startling suddenness.
"Yes, I can tell you where 'e is!" cried the angry lady. "E's where 'e almost allus is, awillin' down 'is beer with the money 'e ought to give 'is lawful wife to keep up the 'ouse with, an' a pretty sorter 'ouse it would be but for me slavin' from morn till night. In the bar of the 'Lion and Lamb,' that's where you'll find George Button, if so be they ain't put 'im outside. You tell George from me that if 'e—"

But the visitor was hurrying down the well-kept little garden path, and he gave a sigh of relief when the gate clicked behind him.

The "Lion and Lamb" was only a few yards from the cottage. The uncharitable had ascribed this as the reason for Mr. Button taking it, but it was a libel on that worthy, for George Button was not a drunkard. He was a past master in the art of making a pint of ale last longer than most of his fellows did a quart.

"Never 'urry a drink," was his advice to the rising generation of Littleton; "take yer time over it; sip it; let it go down gentle, an' you can fancy as 'ow you've 'ad two."

On this particular evening Mr. Button, who, as nearly everyone knows, was a jobbing gardener in the village of Littleton, was seated in his usual seat in the "Lion and Lamb" engaged in a hot political argument.

"Teddy's 'it it," he observed, when the village postman sat down after a rambling speech, consisting of the chief points in the leading article of the particular halfpenny journal that he patronised. "Wot's the good o' this 'ere socialism? Suppose I said I would do no more work, would anyone share wot they 'ad to keep me?"

"I would," said the man who had opened the argument.
"I mean people with money," said Mr. Button scornfully. "Bill White, for instance. Would you keep me, Bill?"

Mr. William White observed with entirely unnecessary force that he would see Mr. Button to a little-known but reputedly sultry region before so doing.

"There," declared Mr. Button, unabashed by his friend's candour. "There, wot did I tell you? Socialism is rot! Now, landed proprietors I am agin. Land for the people, says I. Don't let any man 'ave no land unless 'e—"

The door opened, and the visitor who had called at Mr. Button's house came in. Two or three of the men rose and touched their hats. Mr. Darley, the young lawyer, was a coming man in Littleton.

"Ah, Button," said the lawyer cheerfully, "I want a few minutes' chat with you. Your wife told me I should find you here."

His thin lips parted in a cynical smile as he made the remark, and Mr. Button eyed him somewhat uneasily.

The landlady of the "Lion and Lamb" interposed before the gardener could make a reply.

"Perhaps the gentleman would like to see you in the parlour, Mr. Button?" she suggested, and on the lawyer inclining his head she came round, opened a door, and the astonished gardener followed his visitor into the comfortable little sitting-room. Darkness was fast settling, so the room was lighted by an evil-smelling oil lamp.

"What did you order, sir?" asked the landlady as she pulled down the blind.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Darley hadn't ordered anything, but he took the hint and glanced at Mr. Button.
"Pint," said that gentleman shortly. He was wondering with some apprehension what the lawyer wanted him for.

Mr. Darley hardly spoke a word until the landlady had gone out. Then, after cautiously opening the door, he closed it again, and joined Mr. Button at the table with the beer-stained red cloth.

"Do you want to make a few pounds, Button?" he asked impressively, leaning across the table and looking the gardener full in the face.

"It depends what there is to do?" said Mr. Button guardedly. From past experience he distrusted lawyers.

"I'll be candid," said Mr. Darley, who had never been candid since he attained years of discretion. "I want you to do a little bargaining for me. You know Johnson's twenty-acre field?"

"The one 'tween the brook and the railway," said Mr.

Button, taking his second sip at his pint pot.

"Exactly. Well, a client of mine wants to buy that field, providing he can obtain it at a reasonable price. Now, it would be useless for me to go to Farmer Johnson; we had a little misunderstanding some years ago, and he has never forgiven me, so I was wondering whether you would act for me in the matter and buy the land. My client is willing to pay a hundred pounds freehold for it. You should get it for ninety, and I will pay you ten shillings for every pound you can save under the hundred."

"Why does 'e want it?" asked Mr. Button curiously.
"That is a matter which concerns himself," said the lawyer coldly.

Mr. Button slowly filled his pipe, and took his third sip of beer.

"Supposin' I do go an' buy it for you," he said, "what am I to say to Farmer Johnson? 'E knows I ain't got six—ninety pounds to spend in buying land. 'E'd chuck me outer 'is 'ouse."

"I'd thought of that," said the lawyer quickly. "You must pretend you are buying it for yourself through some land or building society—say the Happy Homes, of Moorgate Street, London. He'll swallow that all right."

"It's marvellous what some people can swallow," said Mr. Button. In defiance of his usual custom, he finished off his beer at a gulp, and placed the pot somewhat noisily on the table.

Again Mr. Darley proved himself not above taking a hint, and within a few minutes their glasses were replenished. Mr. Button was sitting silently smoking, and it was not until he had taken his second sip from the fresh supply that he opened his lips.

"I'll try it," he said solemnly.

A few further details were settled, then the two left the "Lion and Lamb," Mr. Darley to depart hurriedly for his home in that fashionable part of the village known as The Rise and Mr. Button to stroll less hurriedly back to his cottage.

The jobbing gardener had almost reached his gate, when he suddenly turned, and, hurrying back along the main road, entered the public bar of the "George Hotel," which was the principal hostelry of the place. Personally, he greatly preferred the "Lion and Lamb," but the man he wished to see frequented the "George."

Mr. Button had been wondering why a client of Mr. Darley's should be so anxious to obtain the twenty-acre field, for in winter it was generally flooded, and was of no use at any time of the year, except for pasture land, and perhaps with luck a moderate crop of hay. As land went at Littleton, a hundred pounds for the twenty acres was a good price.

To set his curiosity at rest he had ventured back to the "George" at the risk of a fierce tirade from his wife. Yes, as usual, there was Mr. Gregory, in the same black-green suit he had worn for years, sitting in his usual seat, with his usual drink before him. He scarcely uttered a word in the bar, but sat silently smoking his pipe, his meek blue eyes glancing over his horn spectacles, taking a great interest in all that went on around him.

It was with some difficulty that Mr. Button managed to work his way beside him and offer him hospitality. The old man accepted with something of the dignity he had had before drink had brought him down to be a lawyer's drudge and an associate of the frequenters of the village tap-room.

Now, Mr. Button was a careful man—his friends called him economical and his enemies mean—and if Mr. Gregory had been in full possession of his senses he would have suspected something and been discreet; but the lawyer's clerk was of an unsuspicious nature, and in less than a quarter of an hour the jobbing gardener had learned enough to answer the question that had been troubling him.

"Yes," Mr. Gregory said in answer to the gardener's remark that he supposed they were busy as usual, "yes, pretty busy, Mr. Button, pretty busy. Big things doing, sir, big things doing. What would you say to a coal mine in Littleton, eh, Mr. Button, eh?"

The old man rubbed his skinny hands together and laughed softly.

"What coal mine?" asked the gardener innocently.
"Never 'eard of coals in Littleton, 'cept what comes by rail."

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed the old man, "nor has anyone, Mr. Button, nor has anyone. No one knows anything. I know nothing, you know nothing. Mr. Darley, he knows—oh, yes, he knows. A clever man, Mr. Darley; a very clever man."

The old man took off his spectacles and polished them with a ragged silk handkerchief, and peered nervously around him.

As soon as he politely could Mr. Button left the "George" and made his way home, lost in thought. He was thinking hard when his wife attacked him fiercely with her tongue, thinking hard when he ate his bread-and-cheese supper, and thinking hard when he went to bed.

It was not until the village church clock had struck the hour of one that he smiled sweetly, closed one eye, opened it again, and then, turning over on his side, composed himself to sleep.

II.

Mr. Button's appointment in the garden of The Cedars was at nine, but that hour found him waiting in the yard of Johnson's farm, and it was not until a quarter of an hour later that the owner of the farm put in an appearance.

Robert Johnson was a big-framed, jovial, prosperous-looking man of about fifty, a hard man to drive a bargain with, but foolish to excess in his charity to less-favoured

friends. Knowing Mr. Button well by sight and reputation, he eyed him suspiciously when he came into the yard.

"If you're going to pester me about the garden again—"

"It's nothin' to do with the garden, Mr. Johnson," said Mr. Button hastily, and then added with a feeble smile, "It's about land—small 'oldings. I'm thinkin' o' buying up a bit o' land to develop. I'm that sick and tired of doin' other people's gardens."

"What, going to set up as a market gardener?" queried the farmer.

"That's it," said Mr. Button eagerly, delighted to find the landowner assisting him in his story. "I thought perhaps your twenty-acre meadow, the one by the brook, would—"

"Well, what about it?" demanded Mr. Johnson shortly. That field was his pet abomination; try as he would he could never make it pay.

"I thought perhaps you'd like to sell it," suggested the gardener meekly, trying hard to conceal the eagerness in his voice.

The farmer nearly broke a blood-vessel. He put his hands on his hips, threw back his great head, and roared with laughter. The gardener, anxious to humour him, did his best to join in the amusement.

"Oh, lord, lord, lord, you'll kill me, Button," gasped the big man when he was sufficiently recovered. "Oh, yes, you can buy it. Give me eighty pounds and the field's yours, my man, and a hearty wish for good luck thrown in."

"Couldn't you make it seventy-five?" asked Mr. Button.

Something in his voice made the farmer become instantly serious.

"Do you really mean to tell me you want to buy the field?"

"If you'll let me 'ave it reasonable," said Mr. Button guardedly.

"You haven't got ten pounds in the world, have you?"

"That's neither 'ere nor there," said the gardener with dignity. "I can get the money, an' rather than 'aggle over a quid or two, I'll give you seventy-five pounds down for the freehold of that there field."

And, after some discussion, it was arranged that if within three days' time the Happy Homes Building Society would advance the sum of seventy-five pounds, Mr. George Button should become possessor of the meadow.

Upon which Mr. Button went back home, sent a small boy to "The Cedars" to say that he was the victim of a severe attack of rheumatism, and then spent the best part of an hour in writing to the secretary of the Happy Homes Society.

He was just leaving the post-office after posting this important missive when he ran into the arms of the man he least desired to see for some days—Mr. Darley, the lawyer.

"Well, Button," said that gentleman genially, "have you seen Johnson?"

"Yes, I've seen 'im," admitted Mr. Button, carefully studying his hobnail boots, "but 'e won't give no decided answer. 'E don't seem anxious to sell, somehow, won't fix anything for two or three days. 'Ow much will your man go to on a pinch?"

Mr. Darley hesitated.

"Well, candidly, Button, you can go to a hundred and fifty, but only as an extreme. The land is really barely worth eighty."

"Different people 'as different views as to what land is worth," observed Mr. Button wisely, and the lawyer glanced at him sharply.

"Very well," he said shortly, "report progress to me at the office. My client fancies he can grow—er—mushrooms on the soil, Button, and is anxious to get things fixed up as soon as possible."

Mr. Button grinned as he walked back home.

The next day a surveyor from a neighbouring town came over and inspected the meadow.

Three days later Mr. Button, who had spent all his time trying to avoid the Littleton lawyer, and was almost a wreck of his former self, was officially notified that the Happy Homes Building Society, Ltd. would advance the necessary amount upon the payment of ten per cent. per annum and the security of the land.

So the purchase was concluded, and George Button, gardener, became the nominal owner of twenty acres of freehold land in the parish of Littleton.

III.

The next morning, with the deed in his pocket and a feeling of elation in his heart, Mr. Button set off for Mr. Darley's office.

The property increased in value every hundred yards he walked. On leaving home it had been worth a hundred and fifty pounds; halfway down the village street it had been doubled, and by the time he was shown into the lawyer's waiting-room he was firmly resolved to take nothing under a thousand pounds.

"Cheap, too, for a coal mine," he muttered to himself, twisting his hat nervously between his fingers, and wondering whether to go higher.

But when he was ushered into Mr. Darley's presence and greeted with a curt "Good-morning," he lost a good deal of his importance.

"Well, has Johnson come to terms?" said Mr. Darley, as the gardener, without waiting for an invitation, seated himself in the nearest chair and maintained a stony silence.

"Yes," said Mr. Button slowly, "'e's come to terms with me, sir."

The lawyer glanced at him sharply.

"Well, what does he want?"

"'E don't want nothin' now," said the gardener, and then added nervously, "I've bin an' bought the land."

"Oh!"

Mr. Button did not like the tone of the lawyer's "Oh!" He glanced apprehensively towards the door, but recollected with relief that a lawyer would be the last man to lay himself open to a charge of assault and battery.

Mr. Darley broke an awkward silence.

"What do you want for it?"

"A thousand pounds," said the gardener timidly.

"What did you say?" howled the lawyer, his face purple.

"Thousand pounds," repeated Mr. Button modestly.

Mr. Darley rose.

"Look here, Button, I don't know whether you're drunk or mad or both. You are certainly some of it if you think I'm going to pay a price like that. Go away and think it over. I'm ready to pay you a hundred pounds, not a penny more."

Then Mr. Button forgot himself. To think of the trouble he had taken and the fond hopes shattered enraged him, and for some minutes the little office was filled with a steady flow of lurid eloquence. Then two clerks seized the lauded proprietor and quietly propelled him into the street.

Mr. Button's lips moved from time to time, but no words issued from them, and presently, realising that he was being regarded with great interest by a juvenile audience, he soundly boxed the ears of a ginger-headed small boy, who, unfortunately for himself, happened to be within easy reach, and strode moodily homewards.

He began to realise with a chill at his heart that he had bought a piece of land that he would not find easy to sell. Gregory must have been mistaken; if there was coal under the twenty-acre meadow Mr. Darley would never have let him go as he had. By his flow of eloquence he felt that he had killed any idea of selling the land to Mr. Darley even at the hundred pounds he had offered.

The Happy Homes Building Society would come down and take the meadow, and he would lose the ten pounds he paid as a first instalment. He ground his teeth with rage and misery, and anathematised the lawyer, himself, and anyone else who occurred to him at the moment.

A yard or so from his cottage he was hailed by a loud voice.

"Hulloa, Button," it said cheerily, "when are you going to start the gardening?"

If Mr. Darley had listened to lurid eloquence, Farmer Johnson listened to language that would not have disgraced a London caddy of many years' standing. It was the last straw to the jobbing gardener, and after a five minutes' striking speech he leant against the nearest railings and gasped for breath.

The farmer did not seem offended. He had been waiting over half an hour for the gardener, but he did not mention the fact.

"Why, what's the matter?" he asked in surprise.

Mr. Button was about to give an encore of his speech when he suddenly realised that perhaps Farmer Johnson would be a useful man to keep in with. He went on gasping until he had thought out a plan of action.

"It's like this," he panted. "The man who promised to 'lop me in the—the market gardenin' 'as been an' backed out of it, so 'ere am I with a bit of" (words unprintable) "land that ain't" (more words unprintable) "no use to me. Talk of—"

"Why, don't you sell it again," suggested Farmer Johnson carelessly, but in his attempt to speak carelessly he slightly overdid it, and Mr. Button pricked up his ears.

"Who'd buy it?" he asked.

"Well," said the farmer generously, "I should be sorry to see you lose by the deal, Button; you've a wife and—well, I'll buy it back at the price you paid for it."

"Couldn't be done," said the gardener slowly. "I must have a bit of profit, Mr. Johnson. If you want to buy it back you shall have it for a 'undred pounds."

"Right," said the farmer eagerly, "I'll give you a cheque for a hundred pounds—"

"'Undred an' twenty pounds," corrected Mr. Button.

"Hundred pounds you said."

"'Undred an' twenty, Mr. Johnson. My voice ain't over clear after all this 'ere."

"Well, hang it all, I won't haggle. Come into the 'ouse and Lamb' and we can fix it up."

The gardener, trembling with excitement, followed him into the hostelry.

"E's 'ard of the coal that ain't no coal," he muttered to himself. "This is where George Button scores."

A week later it was officially announced that the Great Midland Railway Company were going to build extensive sidings at Littleton. The site was the twenty-acre field.

Later it transpired that Mr. Darley had got wind of it from an unofficial quarter, and was trying to make a deal on his own behalf. Mr. Gregory had placed too much importance on the visit of a coal merchant, who was suing a local business man at the next assizes.

When Farmer Johnson handed Mr. Button a cheque for a hundred and twenty pounds he was candid enough to state that the Great Midland Railway Company's representative had waited upon him early that morning and offered him a hundred and fifty pounds for the meadow. This he got increased to two hundred and fifty before he sold out.

Mr. Button went home and kicked himself, but after due consideration he came to the conclusion that the forty odd pounds profit wasn't bad, and that the twenty-acre field had been a bargain.

The story leaked out in due course, and even amongst the local railwaymen the sidings are not known by their official title, but as "Button's Bargain."

"WHAT do you think of this idea of having dogs for caddies?" asked the old golfer.

"It's a good idea," replied the beginner; "the dogs can't laugh at you!"

Mrs. Wiggs: "Cook has only broken one plate to-day, dear."

Mr. Wiggs: "That's better! How did that happen?"

Mrs. Wiggs: "It was the last one!"

HOLY WELLS FOR SICK HORSES.

THE far-famed St. Winifred Well, at which Miss Mary Hanlon, of Seacombe, Cheshire, was reported to have been miraculously cured of blindness the other day, is not the only pool of healing in Britain.

On the contrary, there are many such; and some of them, according to local tradition, are beneficial, not only to human beings, but also to the lower animals.

Thus, the holy well of St. George, near Abergelen, will cure sick horses, if they are taken there on certain days and sprinkled with water in the name of the saint. Similarly, Lady Cross Well, in Ayrshire, has enjoyed from time immemorial a great reputation for the cure of cattle stricken with the rinderpest.

Puppies with distemper will be speedily cured if they be dipped seven times in St. Telca's Well, near Ruthin, in Cornwall. The operation, however, must take place precisely at sundown, and a coin—any piece of money will do—should be thrown into the water, and left there, after it is completed.

In the South of Ireland, near Inchigeelah, again, is the "Cats' Well," the waters of which are supposed to exert, after a similar fashion, marvellous remedial effects upon ailing tabbies. They are to be sprinkled thoroughly seven times in seven minutes, then immersed three times in three. One would imagine that whatever might be the ultimate effect of this treatment upon the animal, the immediate result to the operator would be scratches, many and deep, and plenty of them.

The famous Harbledown Well is also reputed to cure cats, as well as dogs and several species of other animals; but only of the mange.

BROWN: "Now, don't be impudent, or I'll be forced to pound a little sense into your head!"

GREEN: "Bah! It would take a dozen men like you to pound any sense into my head."

ALGERNON: "Have you any idea, darling, what your father would say if I asked him for your hand?"

ARABELLA: "No, I haven't." He never uses that kind of language before his family."

RECENTLY a very suspicious countryman went to London to see the sights. Coming to the National Gallery, he was amazed to find that the admission cost nothing. He mounted the steps and entered.

"Your umbrella, sir," said a uniformed official, extending his hand.

The countryman jerked back his umbrella, laughed scornfully, and turned on his heel.

"I knowed there was some cheat about it when ye got in free," he said.

M. A. P. LIMERICKS.

We are giving our readers the opportunity of entering for this week's Limerick Competition in "M. A. P." These competitions are conducted on precisely the same lines as those in "Pearson's Weekly," and are already becoming exceedingly popular.

Below you will find the first four lines of this week's limerick. We leave you to fill in the last line to the best of your ability. When you have done this, fill in your name and address in the space provided, cut out the entry form, attach it to a postal order for sixpence, and place it in an envelope addressed to the EDITOR, "M. A. P.," Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Mark your envelope "May" in the top left-hand corner. Closest date, Tuesday, September 24th.

Everyone who enters must compete on the form below, and send a postal order for 6d. with it. The P.O. should be made payable to Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., and should be crossed "A.C." All attempts must be forwarded on the printed entry forms or they will be disqualified.

Of the amount received three-fourths will be divided amongst the ten competitors whose attempts are considered to be the best by the adjudicators, by whom originality of idea will be taken into consideration, and one-fourth will be awarded in consolation gifts amongst those competitors whose efforts show merit.

The ten winning attempts will be selected by Mr. ARNOLD GOLDSWORTHY, the well-known author, who will be assisted by a committee of competent judges. The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted.

ENTRY FORM.

LIMERICK No. 3.

There was a young lady called May,
Who always was cheery and gay,
While at tea with the dean
She made rather a scene,

I agree to abide by the decision published in "M. A. P." and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the conditions printed above.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Result will appear only in M. A. P.



"Willie" passes his days in a little four-wheeled cart which he propels himself. His stand is outside St. Luke's Church, and he has occupied this particular spot for over thirteen years. Everybody in Liverpool knows "Willie," and likes and respects the poor fellow.

My name is William Kelly, and I was born in this City of Liverpool in 1872. As to telling you the story of my life, sir, I shall be only too proud and pleased, but I fear your readers will find it rather dull reading. However, we can't all be heroes and go through exciting adventures, and perhaps the very commonplaceness of my life's history may make it acceptable as a change from sensational stories.

I was about five years of age when I was seized with paralysis of the lower part of my body. I do not know what caused it—perhaps I had a fall as a baby—all I do know is that from that day to this I have never had the use of my legs, which, as you may see, are quite doubled up.

My father—a Liverpool man, and the best of parents—looked after me until I was twenty-one, when he died, and I had to do something to provide for my few wants. Not that I was left alone in the world. My dear old mother is still alive, and I have brothers and sisters. But, of course, we men have to look after the women as well as ourselves, and so I do my little bit—a very tiny bit, but still, something—towards keeping our home together. For we all live together, and I can tell you, sir, we are a very happy family.

Of course, our house is not a palace. But, on the other hand, it's not a hovel, and, in any case, it is "home, sweet home" to us.

COLD WEATHER MEANS MORE MONEY.

Thirteen years ago, then, I took up my position outside St. Luke's, and I think I may say I am almost as well known in Liverpool as the church itself.

Mind you, sir, I am not a beggar. As you see, I sell bootlaces, pencils, and matches, and do a legitimate trade. At the same time, if kindhearted people are made happy by giving me a copper without taking anything in exchange, it is not for me to deprive them of their pleasure.

I cannot tell you exactly how much I take a week, for it varies so, and so much depends on the weather. Perhaps you will hardly credit it, but I do much better in the winter than in the summer. I cannot explain why this is so, unless it is that in the summer many of my "regulars" go out of town, and I darsay the winter cold warms people's hearts to the unfortunate—which sounds rather Irish, don't it, sir?

Anyway, winter, though very trying in many ways, is my best time financially, and taking year in, year out, I should say I earn about 8s. a week. I darsay you can understand that there are days when I feel very despondent, for it is hard to see people walking and running about, and to know that I am tied for life to my little trolley.

But these black days only come now and then, and when they do I do my best to cheer myself up by thinking of those who are even worse off than I am—the blind, the deaf and dumb, the suffering—and I take my motor for a run and soon feel better, and ashamed of ever having given way.

A KIND SMILE BRIGHTENS THE WAY.

And people are very good to me. I don't mean only in giving me money, for many can't afford to, but in chatting to me and telling me what is going on in the world. Often ladies and gentlemen will stop and smile kindly—I think a world of a kind smile—and ask me how I am, and so on, and all this makes life seem less lonesome like.

I am glad you admire the beautiful buildings in my city. Now, sir, don't you think that St. George's Hall is finer than any building in London. You are not so sure about it? Ah, well, sir, perhaps you are like the American gentleman who was being shown round the sights of Liverpool, and when they came to St. George's Hall they asked him if it was not the most wonderful sight he had ever seen in his life. "I guess not," said the Yankee, "in New York there's a peacock with a wooden leg."

I have never been to London, but perhaps I'll get there one of these days when we all have flying machines—in the words of the song, I might say, "Oh, let it be soon!"

Do you know, I feel very proud that you are going to put me into your paper, and it speaks well for the editor that he thought of giving us street merchants a turn. In my humble opinion it shows enterprise, for I reckon people are sick of always reading about lords and duchesses. I've a great respect for the Press, but do you know, sir, one of my regulars once told me that sometimes they put things in the papers that aren't true. Surely, that's not so, is it, sir? Oh, please don't look so sad.

Walker, E. J., 43 Church St., Malina, Mon.
Walker, E., 217 Great Junction St., Neith, N.B.
Walker, E., 3 Paul St., Exeter.
Walker, G., 22 Hardie St., Glasgow.
Walker, W., 17 Clifford St., Glasgow.
Walker, T., 140 Strand, W.C.
Walms, A., 14 Cluny Tce., Edinburgh.
Walton, E., 11 Gate St., Barst Tree, Tipton.
Wardsworth, Mrs. L., 19 Manor Rd., Blackburn.
Ward, M. M., Fenwood Rd., Leighton, Liverpool.
Wark, A., Milner St., Jordanhill, Glasgow.
Warne, Mrs. G., Moorings, Heese, WORTHING.
Warne, A., 62 Fleming Rd., Winton's Av., Walthamstow.
Warner, F., 38 Birnam Rd., Tollington Park, N.
Watling, W. (Junn.), 173 Armes St., N. Higham, Norwich.
Watson, J. S., 38 Rivington St., Shoreditch, E.C.
Watson, Mrs. R., 11 Lennox Pl., Welling, W.
Watson, H. B., Bowde House, West Haverough.
Watson, W., 5 Aisle Cress, Motherwell, N.B.
Watt, Miss V., 586 Gallowsate St., Glasgow.
Webster, J. B., 39 Diamond Rd., Shawlands, Glasgow.
Weilby, H., Irydene, Harrington.
Welch, W. H., West End Sq., Southwark, S.E.
Welch, A., 41 Old Lion Rd., Leyton, N.E.
Weston, C., 5 Ebury Rd., Clarend Hill, S.E.
Whall, B. M., 65 St. George St., Hillhead, Glasgow.
White, Miss C., 147 South Woodside Rd., Glasgow.
Whistley, F. L., 237 Bristol Rd., Northfield, n. Bham.
White, Miss L., 35 Ladykirk Rd., Newcastle-on-Tyne.
White, Miss M., 100, Kent, Epsom, Surrey.
White, W. H., 21 West Prince St., Glasgow, W.
White, W., Waieby, Rodboro' Lane, Stroud.
Whitten, J. H., Lubarneeth, Comber, co. Down.
Widdies, J. G., 49 Newgate St., London, E.C.
Wilbraham, Hon. Mrs. R. B., 39 Park Mans., Knightsbridge.
Wilcox, E., 11 Winslow St., Walton, Liverpool.
Wilkins, W., 274 Mountau Rd., Edgbaston, Birmingham.
Wilkinson, J., 6 The Broadway, Highbury Pl., N.
Williams, E. G., Northfist Ho., Market Pl., Brentford.
Williams, F., Wernbrook, Chard, Somerset.
Williams, H. E., 15 Florence Pl., Redland, Bristol.
Williams, E., 100, St. Marys, Weymouth, Dorset.
Williams, E., 123 Main St., Almondsbury, Dumbarton.
Wilton, G. J., 162 Church St., Stoke Newington, N.
Wilson, G. E., 10 Fairlawn St., Greenheys, Manchester.
Wilson, J., 34 Marlborough Mans., Finchley Rd., N.W.
Wilson, Mrs. A., Henzville, Dunderdon, co. Down.
Wolman, T., Chesham, Bucks., Bucks., co. Ireland.
Witham, F. M., 140 Radford Rd., Wrotham.
Wood, Miss A., The Limes, Bourne Green Rd., N.
Wood, A., Pier Pavilion, Fellingstone.
Wood, A. F., 7 Mount Vernon, Hampton, N.W.
Wood, F. G., 33 Woodrose Rd., Highgate, N.W.
Woodley, A., 4 Beaufort St., Chesapeake, Mon.
Woodley, W., 15 Braydon Rd., Stamford Hill, N.
Woody, H., Middlesex Hospital, W.
Woodward, F., 63 High St., Fitzrovia.
Woodward, J., Bishopsgate Police Station, E.C.
Wright, A., 41 Marsh House Lane, Warrington.
Wyatt, A. G., 35 Gloucester Rd., Bristol.

Get the October "Pearson's," Ready Oct. 1.

Available from 3 p.m., Thursday, September 19th, 1907,
until midnight, Friday, September 27th, 1907.

Communications respecting Advertisements should be sent to the Advertisement Department, "PEARSON'S WEEKLY" Offices, HENRIETTA STREET, LONDON, W.C.

Two Classes of Fair Women.

Some are fair because they happen to be so, others attain the clear, rosy complexion, soft skin, clear eyes, easy, graceful carriage and healthful bodies because they are careful what those bodies are made of; in other words, they select food which will nourish. They don't eat "everything that comes along."

Every woman should read the little book in each packet of

Grape=Nuts

for "The Road to Wellville" is the road to healthful beauty.

"There's a reason."

WARNING.

Imitations of Grape-Nuts are on the market, paying the retail grocer a special profit to push the sale.

If you really want a skilfully and scientifically made brain food, insist upon getting Grape-Nuts. Most grocers will promptly supply genuine articles without attempt to palm off something "just as good."

If your grocer tries to substitute some imitation

"Nuts" for genuine Grape-Nuts, perhaps the other grocer down the street might serve you more faithfully.

If you find Grape-Nuts food a bit soft from the late damp weather, put it in an oven with the door left open and dry until crisp. Then add a sprinkle of sugar and some milk enriched with cream and there you are, the finest breakfast food extant.

Grape-Nuts Co. Ltd., 66 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.